

HOARE MEANS WAR

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

Volume 160
9th November, 1935

Price Sixpence
Weekly

ENGLAND'S BETRAYAL

ARE British youths prepared to die, British business men prepared to pour out their wealth, British women to welcome a new régime of ration cards and casualty lists, in order that the League may drag Italy off Abyssinia's chest?

ARE they prepared to do that while the United States and Japan and Germany look on and make the most of their opportunities?

AND if you, breadwinner and you, housewife, are not prepared to go that far, do you think it wise for Britain, weakly armed as she is, to tempt Providence by pretending that she is prepared to go to extremes?

AND if it is all a bluff do you think any good can come of it, or are we just making another enemy and making war certain in the future, if not in the present?

—*Evening News*



Cover designed by Lady Houston, D.B.E.

Britain as the Milch Cow

M. LITVINOV has returned to Geneva with a typically farcical proposal. It is to impose penalties of the nature of sanctions not only on Italy but also on all those States of the League which may fail to enforce the immediate severance of their financial and commercial relations with her.

Doubtless he hopes that this would increase the confusion already produced by the efforts of the Sanctionists. It is quite evident that a war between the capitalist States of Europe would suit Russia's book admirably and perhaps prove the salvation of Moscow's bankrupt Communism.

But could there be anything more ridiculous than such a system of punishment? If it were carried out we should have a double and perhaps even a treble crop of sanctions in force, dislocating trade and causing unutterable confusion.

The fact is that the whole scheme of sanctions is likely to collapse. Austria, Hungary, and Albania are quite definitely and officially outside it, and have refused to have anything to do with it.

Switzerland might be described as half out, since she has protested her inability to take any measures which would affect her neutrality. She is certainly not going to cut off the lucrative transit trade between Germany and Italy which passes through her territory.

Unofficially, Soviet Russia, Jugoslavia, Rumania, and Turkey have intimated that they cannot risk a complete severance of trade with Italy without ruinous consequences to themselves, for which they expect some form of compensation.

Germany, the United States, and Japan, not being in the League, will continue to ship to Italy such of their wares as Italy can pay for (with the sole exception in the case of the United States of arms and munitions). So that the sanctions net is riddled with huge holes, through which everything that Italy wants will slip.

Unpleasant Possibilities.

It is one of the tragic farces at Geneva that Great Britain is to be formally appointed Europe's milch cow. An organ of bellicose Radicalism in this country yesterday let the cat out of the bag by stating that "we must face frankly and generously the giving of assistance to those who are most sharply hit."

The British public may therefore have to prepare for another sixpence in the £ on the income tax as one of the sacrifices required to pay for all this foolery!

But, ridiculous as is the situation at Geneva, there are unpleasant possibilities behind it. Many people will recall the warnings given in the House of Commons by Sir Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Baldwin. Sir Austen said on July 11 last that "nothing short of an effective blockade with all that that involved [which he had shortly before explained as war] would make economic sanctions effective."

Mr. Baldwin was just as definite on May 18, 1934, when he said, "There is no such thing as a sanction that will work that does not mean war; or, in other words, if you are going to adopt a sanction you must be prepared for war."

The risk of the sanctions process which is so light-heartedly recommended by our jingo Press is that, by the above warnings of our statesmen, it might bring a sudden explosion. For sanctions, however applied, have this grave defect—that they aggravate international friction. Past history shows that in such situations as are now being created wars have come, taking statesmen by surprise.

—Daily Mail

Reprinted from the "Evening News"

"PICK AND CHOOSE"

"WE hope to make a new Europe," Mr. Baldwin told a Liverpool audience last night. God knows the Government is trying hard enough. But what sort of Europe? Is it a Europe of clasped hands or of thumbing noses? Is it a Europe of increasing good will or a Europe of ever-strengthening suspicion and animosity? Is it a Europe beating its swords into reaping hooks or a Europe bristling with new armaments? Is it a Europe ringing with Christmas carols or a Europe reverberating with the drone of warplanes and the tramp of armed men?

"Oh yes," Mr. Baldwin and colleagues will doubtless assure you, "we know the answer to that one. Europe at the moment is just too dreadfully bellicose. But look how hard we are trying to change all that!"

AND HOW?

By bolstering up the League of Nations—by making Britain the League of Nations for all practical purposes. By ramming down the throats of all the nations that will stand it an institution that is feared and suspected by most of its members and secretly despised and laughed at by the few that have contrived to wangle it for their own private ends.

Ask any lawyer what he thinks of the wording of the League Covenant. Every line of it is fraudulent. It was deliberately drawn up in such a way that the big powers could use it to coerce the small powers if they so desired, but would have a hundred good reasons for doing nothing to an offending power that would stand no nonsense.

The mistake our Government made was in not realising that Signor Mussolini would stand no nonsense. They overlooked the fact that he is not that sort of man. Still more gravely, they overlooked the fact that Italy is one of the most powerfully armed countries in Europe.

Now the Government has found out its mistake, and what happens? The gesture of ramming the League Covenant down Italy's throat is continued *pro forma*, but there is a notable diminution of zest in the performance. While our Socialists and Liberals are shouting "Make it hurt!" the Government, with M. Laval's thoughtful assistance, is taking good care that it shall not hurt enough to make Italy start ramming something into us.

But suppose powerfully armed and aggressive Germany should offend against the League's principles? Should we see Sir Samuel Hoare hot-footing it to Geneva to impose sanctions? Certainly not. He would refrain—and rightly, for the German warplanes would be over London long before the Geneva sanctions were on the agenda.

The League is humbug, dangerous humbug, discriminatory humbug, war and hate-making humbug. Let us agree that the ultimate aim is the lofty if harebrained hope that war can be—as America so prettily puts it—exorcised from the hearts of men. That only makes matters worse. You cannot trick men, let alone nations, into idealism.

Why go on with it when Italy has drawn the League's bluff and France has blown the gaff, and when half the nations of Europe are beginning to dislike us intensely for making them toe the futile but extremely expensive sanctions line?

Mr. Baldwin himself said in 1934:—

"A collective peace system, in my view, is perfectly impracticable in view of the fact that the United States is not yet a member of the League and that Germany and Japan have both retired from it."

Since it is impracticable, what was the idea of trying to practise it on Italy? If it was impracticable to bring the League to the rescue of civilised China, why suddenly decide that it was practicable to place its collective services at the disposal of barbarous Abyssinia?

Is the intelligent Briton really going to feel enthusiastic for this fraudulent Half a League of Nations? Are the young men of England to be sacrificed at the altar of Geneva? It is unthinkable.

By all means let us play the policeman to Europe if our sensitive consciences will not allow us to stand aloof, but let us keep the peace by the power of honest diplomacy, by moral force, and, if need be, by producing a sufficiently knobby club. But let us not try to do it through the medium of a very limited liability company that was floated on a false prospectus and has never yielded any dividend but trouble.

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Sanctions Against Britain

British representatives at Geneva are putting the finishing touches to their great work of applying sanctions—to Great Britain.

If sanctions are to mean anything as a punitive and preventive measure they must be universal.

In the present stage of the League they cannot be universal.

Too many nations are outside the League and too many nations inside the League are contracting out of sanctions.

We have seen during the past few days the shallow farce of an imposing stand by Britain for sanctions, with some forty odd nations out of the remaining fifty-one carefully picking and choosing what sanctions they personally will apply.

States of no financial importance whatsoever will apply financial sanctions.

States whose economic force is nil will apply economic sanctions.

But the poor British taxpayer and worker must apply sanctions that hit him more than they hit the Italians and must stand by to compensate other nations by their loss in backing his nation in this grotesque folly.



What do sanctions mean to Britain and the Empire?

We need not look far for examples.

Britain has been in the habit of sending Italy about 5,000,000 tons of coal each year, at a value of around £4,000,000.

We now propose to make a present of that trade to our Continental competitors.

Some 16,000 British miners will be robbed of work and wages.

The trade will not come back when the

Abyssinian war is over. Italy will not forget, nor will our competitors reject the good new market we have given them.

To take another example. The oldest Colony of the Empire, Newfoundland, recently had to seek the help of this country in bearing her financial burdens.

She has one trade which is of value to her hard-hit people, the fish export.

Italy was her third best customer.

Our economic and political geniuses at Geneva have applied sanctions so successfully to Newfoundland that this third best customer cannot be supplied.

Italy bought more from Britain in normal years than Britain bought from Italy. With her our trade balance was on the right side.

In 1934 Britain bought goods or produce worth £8,458,000 from Italy and sold goods and products valued at £9,312,000. She also handled a re-export trade valued at £1,224,000. That has gone.

With it have gone the salaries, wages and other benefits directly experienced by those engaged in the trade and the benefits enjoyed by others as the salaries, wages and other benefits were turned over among our community.

Moral gestures by statesmen are very satisfying to those who do not pay for them.

The middle-class and working-class homes that are going to be ruined by sanctions in this country will not feel the same high satisfaction.

It is time this cruel farce was ended.

Sunday Dispatch.

Can there be a big Majority?

The diversity of opinion about the probable result of the general election surprises me.

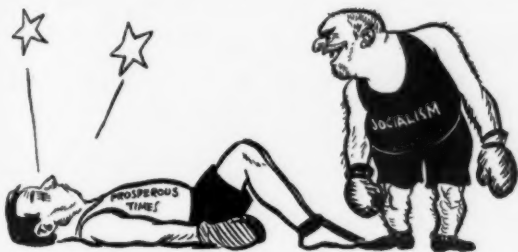
Certain sage and cautious estimators place the National Government majority at between 100 and 150.

Others, remembering the landslide of 1931, are prepared for a majority hardly less than that of the last Parliament.

It is important that estimates should not be lightly adopted. If a general expectation of too

sweeping a victory is aroused only to be disappointed by the event, the resultant national mood may be dangerous.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain has frankly said that



the return of the Socialists would mean a new slump.

The Election Issue Abroad

Disappointed hopes of a sweeping majority would certainly hit confidence a hard blow.

Abroad there might be a grave misinterpretation of a small majority after expectations of a triumph.

The need is to forget for a moment or two any personal desire of what the result should be.

The wish must not be allowed to become father to the thought in making a forecast.

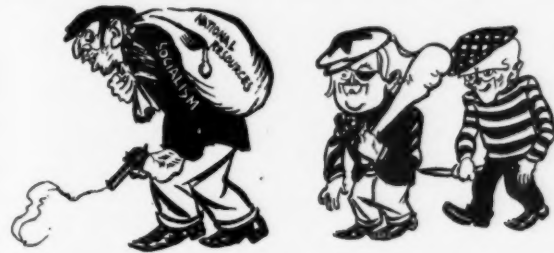
Quite apart from what one feels to be the right policy or the wrong policy, the good party or the bad party, it is surely possible to obtain an objective view of chances.

First of all it must be realised that a mass electorate containing some 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 new young voters and a very large proportion of unattached women electors is not a calculable thing. It may be swept by emotion, as it was swept by the "Red Letter" and the "guard your savings" cries of previous elections.

The past ten years' experience shows how uncertain voters are.

In 1926 the whole weight of public opinion was thrown against the General Strike, and defeated it.

In 1929 the leaders of the General Strike movement, who had been execrated, were returned to office, with 8,331,480 votes behind them, only 259,572 fewer than the Conservatives polled.



Anybody who in 1926 had forecast such a result for three years later would have been regarded as a political dreamer.

Anything, then, is possible. In many constituencies the balance of votes is so precarious that a wet day or an unpopular local candidate may turn the scale, quite apart from policy.

The Socialists have to-day two powerful allies in Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Snowden, who are without peers or competitors in the demagogic art.

It is no use pretending that either is a discredited force: in many homes each carries enormous emotional weight.

Lord Snowden, who at least had the conviction to abandon his great office and its emoluments for his principles, may hit viciously, but there will be plenty of people to applaud his blows whether above or below the belt.

There is, to my personal knowledge, great lingering resentment in the northern constituencies over the tardy restoration of cuts and over the unemployment benefit.

So much for the Socialist asset side of the trial balance sheet.

On the National Government liability side stand one or two awkward items.

Democracy will Face the Truth

Many Conservative supporters who voted with a good heart at the last election remember now with bitterness that the panic mandate of 1931 was used to fling away India.

Many others recall that for the first three and a half years of office the National Government continued to neglect Britain's defences.

The British democracy will always face the truth when it is told to them, the Prime Minister assures us. But the truth about Britain's arms was not told until 1935. It should have been told in 1931.

Although the Cabinet was fully aware of the pitiable state of our armaments, it pursued a foreign policy which permitted the League of Nations to drag Britain into a quarrel with Italy, and to make the Mediterranean basin a potential cockpit.

There was no Sign—Then

When Italy bombed Corfu when the League was young and strong, when Japan overran Chinese territory, when Lithuania actually filibustered Memel, which was under League control, there was no show of righteous bellicosity.

Only when the League had shed both Germany and Japan, having never had the support of the United States, and when four of its present minor State members were refusing to co-operate in sanctions, did Britain's love for the broken League grow passionate.

Having at Geneva shaken a mailed fist at Italy—whose actions no Briton condones—the National Government had then to explain humbly that it had no quarrel with Italy and had never contemplated military sanctions because it had not the force to apply them.

This belittlement of Britain's stature abroad many patriotic Conservatives will neither forget nor forgive.

They may not vote for Socialism, but they will

not with any zeal or enthusiasm rally to the National Government.

A new kind of apathy—a wilful and not a lazy abstention from the polls—may weaken many National Government candidates.

Many unattached voters who voted against Socialists in 1931 because they feared a departure from the gold standard meant ruin may return to their earlier allegiance now that they have been taught that a departure from gold was the country's economic salvation.

One Thing that Counts

These are but a few of the factors that must be weighed.

They do not indicate a defeat of the National Government.

They *do* indicate that supporters of the National Government cannot afford to be complacent.

One other thing they indicate—that the National Government itself cannot hope to command Conservative votes by itself enunciating a Socialist policy or by being lukewarm about the one thing that matters.

That one thing is the restoration of Britain's power to defend herself from any attack, whether unprovoked or invited by the blunders of our wandering amateur diplomats.

COLLIN BROOKS in the *Sunday Dispatch*.

The Condition of the Navy

The extremely well informed Naval Correspondent of the *Morning Post* has recently revealed some appalling figures in connection with the Navy. Thus it is disclosed that at the moment we have only thirty-three cruisers in full commission; while of the twenty-one others four are paid off and are being prepared for sale, one is commissioned for trials only, and two are training



ships. In addition to this, a large number of our destroyers, which are really obsolete, have been paid off into reserve, to say nothing of two battle-ships, a battle cruiser and two aircraft carriers.

A disturbing feature is that the major reason for so large a proportion of the fleet being on the reserve list is lack of personnel. Naval recruiting, it seems, has been allowed to go the way of all

the other components which go to make up our defences and the Admiralty are at their wits' end to provide crews.

Back to Geneva

A melancholy feature of the week's diplomacy is that on the British Government's initiative an attempt has been made to put Geneva back into the picture, and that, as a result, the general temper is again embittered. Early in the week Mr. Maurice Peterson, the Foreign Office expert on Abyssinia, reported to London the substance of Signor Mussolini's suggestions for a basis of peace. Paris saw that the Mussolini proposal could not immediately be accepted, and, therefore, made a counter proposal of its own. The clear purpose was to keep the pacific diplomacy in action. The British Government did two things. It rejected both the Italian and the French proposal. It announced on Tuesday that Sir Samuel Hoare, as well as Mr. Eden, would go to Geneva for Thursday's "sanction" meeting. Sanctions were thereby given precedence over persuasion as the diplomatic method.

Observer.

A Chelsea Election Song

(To the tune of "Charlie Dilke upset the Milk,"
sung by G. H. Macdermott.)

Chelsea voters, mind your eye;
Take a friend's advice,
Sir Samuel Hoare has wiped it once,
Don't let him wipe it twice.
This sanctions stuff he tries to puff
Can only lead to gore,
So if in fight you don't delight,
Don't vote for Sammy Hoare.

Chorus—

We want no more of Samuel Hoare;
He isn't the man for Chelsea.
We've had our fill of the India Bill
And the red Geneva Rag.
He never stood for anything good
So why does he stand for Chelsea,
His record's black, so give him the sack
Or he'll leave you to hold the bag.

Chelsea voters, don't be fooled,
We're weak on land and sea;
And up in the air where Sam Hoare ruled,
We're weak as weak can be.
Shall Chelsea send its sons to fight
For Abyssinia's shore?
They may—unless you put things right
And hoof out Sammy Hoare.

Chorus—

We want no more, etc., etc.

IF I'D BEEN— MR. BALDWIN

By Lady Houston, D.B.E.

WHEN anyone makes a hash of things—the French say, “He took the wrong turning.” And you took the wrong turning Mr. Baldwin, four years ago, when with an enormous CONSERVATIVE majority of 472—you did not sweep away Socialism and reinstate England into her old proud position—making the British Navy once more Mistress of the Seas. During these four years you could have built up the Army and made the Air Force second to none—and this was what the 472 Conservatives voted for—and it was your duty, as Conservative Leader, to give them.

WHAT a vista was then before you! What a path of golden promise of greatness for England once again! But you did not understand and you do not seem *now* to understand that ENGLAND'S GREATNESS IS NOT A PERSONAL MATTER, and you were not honest, Mr. Baldwin, when you subordinated Conservatism to Socialism—and to the *personal vanity of a Socialist* whose aim—you *knew*—was to drag down and destroy all that Conservatives have built up and achieved. Is giving away India and declaring the League of Nations your “Sheet Anchor” and dragging down the Navy, Army and Air Force, *real* Conservatism, Mr. Baldwin?

“EAST is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet,” but Conservatism and Socialism are as far apart as the Poles, and attempting to amalgamate two such opposite policies was bound to end in failure *either to one or the other*, and, of course, Ramsay MacDonald took good care it was not Socialism that went to the wall—but by the unmeaning words “National Conservative” built up a policy that was Socialism and Internationalism without any real Conservatism whatever, and yet this fraudulent arrangement you still declare you intend to cling to! How can you be surprised that this un-English, unreal Election cry of a Conservative who—only at Election time—uses this abused name and openly declares he will immediately discard it again to “National” directly it has given him a majority—how can you be surprised that all this anti-British unreality has brought such apathy as never was before known at any Election?

WHEN before the last General Election I pleaded with you for a *real* Conservative Government—think how much better England and the whole world would now be—if you had listened to me, for with a Navy double the strength of any other Navy England could have kept the PEACE OF THE WORLD as she did before. Now on the eve of another General Election—I plead with you again. Make *REAL* CONSERVATISM your object Mr. Baldwin, fling away “National”—take once more the time honoured name CONSERVATIVE—without the meaningless prefix “National” which has been so unlucky for England and for you (for there is luck and ill-luck in words) and Conservative has always been a lucky word for Britain. Turn over a new leaf, Mr. Baldwin, and make the people forget all this Socialistic and League of Nations “Sheet Anchor” nonsense—that has brought us only bitter enmity and will surely bring WAR.

LITVINOFF WANTS WAR

By Meriel Buchanan

“WHO is behind it all? Who is it who wants war?” I have heard this question repeated many times, and it is a question which must undoubtedly be in the minds of many thinking people during these days of grave anxiety.

Who is it that wants war? Litvinoff! That super-schemer and trickster of Bolshevik Russia, the man the *Daily Worker* eulogises in flaming letters. “Litvinoff’s Call to the World.” “U.S.S.R. Leads Fight for Peace.” With these distorted misrepresentations the British workman is hoodwinked and made the victim of Soviet propaganda.

Peace! Can such a word be used in conjunction with Litvinoff? Does his career, his life history, prove him in any way an apostle of peace and concord? Seller of contraband arms already in 1906; agent for the transport of weapons to the Caucasian Revolutionary Organisation, working also for the Macedonian Revolutionary Committee; actually attempting to send arms and ammunition into Bulgaria, an attempt that was only foiled by the yacht which had been chartered for the transport foundering on the Roumanian coast; living for years in London under the name of Hanson, stirring up unrest, dissension and riots, imprisoned in Brixton and sent back to Russia!

EDEN’S FRIEND

This is the man who, according to the testimony of eye witnesses, and the photographs, both in the Press and on the screen, has become the inseparable companion of Mr. Anthony Eden! This is the man who is working for the Peace of the World!

Without Litvinoff, would the English Government have been so fanatically anxious to impose Sanctions on Italy? We know, of course, that Mr. Eden hates Italy, we know that he has never forgiven Mussolini for the humiliation he inflicted on him in the past. He has allowed his personal rancour, his wounded vanity and self-esteem to come before his love for his country; he has allowed himself to be duped and flattered by the serpent tongue of the Bolshevik Commissar for Foreign Affairs. He has become enmeshed in a web of dangerous influences, and he is drawing others with him, while Wallach Meier Litvinoff rubs his fat hands and chuckles to see his well-laid stratagems succeed so easily.

Sir Samuel Hoare, that sleek and immaculate gentleman, told the Chelsea Conservative and Unionist Association, on October 30th, that there had been and would be no change in the British policy regarding Abyssinia and categorically denied that he had ever been in disagreement with

Mr. Eden over the latter’s more “go-ahead policy.”

“He and I,” Sir Samuel continued in his prim, precise voice, “have been in the fullest possible agreement during all the weeks we have been working together.”

So Sir Samuel has also fallen under the spell of the Bolshevik Commissar. For if he declares himself in agreement with Mr. Eden he is *ipso facto* in agreement with Litvinoff and so automatically becomes a tool of the Soviet. Has Sir Samuel forgotten the days he spent in old Imperial Russia? Has he forgotten the many kindnesses he received from those who have been murdered or driven into exile by Litvinoff and his fellow-assassins in the Kremlin? What evil influences are at work here, dragging our statesmen down to such depths of ignominy that they become the willing tools of Stalin, the votaries and collaborators of the Third Communist International?

DUPES OF RUSSIA

Are the English people to be dictated to by Sir Samuel Hoare and Mr. Eden, and so, in turn, are they to become the dupes of Soviet Russia? Where is our individual liberty? Where is the voice of the English people?

It cannot be true that the will of England, the real England, the England of our forefathers, is to stand by the Covenant of the League of Nations knowing that by so doing they bring the spectre of war into our midst. There must be thousands who are not in sympathy, thousands who, if they had the chance, would demand the recall of Mr. Eden and Sir Samuel Hoare from Geneva, and would insist that they be replaced by real diplomats, trained and experienced in International Politics.

At the meeting given by the League of Nations Union at the Albert Hall on October 31st, the Archbishop of Canterbury, forgetting his high calling and allowing himself to be dragged into the vortex of politics, declared that the comparatively small audience who had gathered to hear him speak testified to the united will of the people to stand by the Covenant—which in other words means dragging England into war. But who were the people who had assembled to hear these few disciples of the League, of Sanctions and of arbitrary force, voice their opinion? The Church was represented only in a very small minority. There were a great many negroes among the audience. There were crowds of sentimental women, gushing hysterically over the wrongs of the “poor little Abyssinians.” There were the Socialist supporters of Mr. Herbert Morrison, who declared that Sanctions must not be unduly delayed, and that if, in the last resort, military

Sanctions were necessary the League, as policeman of the world, must not be afraid.

Does this one gathering constitute the whole united will of a nation?

Mr. Baldwin, although he so stubbornly clings to the League, spoke some words of sincere and deep appeal in his address to the "Peace Society" on October 31st. "We think perhaps," he said, "of the level evening sun over an English meadow, with the rooks tumbling noisily home into the elms. Of the ploughman with his team on the world's rim, creeping like the hands of a clock, one of those garnered memories of the peace of the countryside that a wise man takes about with him like a viaticum. To what risks do we expose our treasures, irreplaceable treasures, for you cannot build up beauty like that in a few years of mass production? Make no mistake, every piece of all the life we and our fathers have made in this land, everything we have and hold and cherish, is in jeopardy in this great issue."

And yet, if Mr. Baldwin continues to allow Mr. Eden to dictate the policy of the English Govern-

ment at Geneva, all this beauty of the England we love will be lost to us for ever.

It must not be forgotten that, while Mr. Eden has a private grudge against Italy, Litvinoff has one against England. He has never forgotten or forgiven the treatment he received in 1918. The disgrace of his imprisonment in Brixton, the indignity of his extradition, these have rankled for years in his mind. Crafty and cunning as a serpent, he has known how to make use of Mr. Eden, how to turn the latter's dislike of Italy to very good account. Through him, and his influence on the young English Minister, England has made herself the "prosecuting counsel" at Geneva, and by her attitude has drawn down on herself the suspicion and dislike of her former friend and ally.

"Who is it who wants war?" Litvinoff wants war, Russia wants war. The forces of evil are abroad in the world; let England awake before it is too late. Let her people exercise their right of freedom and justice and refuse any longer to be led blindfold along the path of Sanctions that leads to ruin and disaster.

A King's Return

By F. L. de Baughn

ONE wonders whether at length Greece's troubled twentieth century story is to be resolved. Will the King's return—it is not a restoration since he never abdicated—calm the Athenian tumult?

If the answer is in the negative, then Greece, surely, is to be pitied, for practically every possible alternative—pure Republicanism, determined Liberalism, Socialism, even neo-Communism—has been tried. But without success.

The history of Greece since the dawn of the century is unique even for a Balkan country. Prince Christian George of Schleswig-Holstein, second son of the King of Denmark and, therefore, brother of our own Queen Alexander, reigned until 1913.

It was a comparatively peaceful reign. He survived a disastrous Turkish war and a serious Cretan revolution. Then, when his throne seemed most secure—a little while after the successful conclusion of a triumphant Balkan war—he was assassinated.

Greece has had a history of chequered progress ever since that fatal day.

Constantine succeeded to the throne. His first reign lasted but four years. M. Venizelos, supported by the Allied powers who saw in Constantine a Hohenzollern tool, forced him from his throne.

But Greece wanted a king. Greece needed a king. Venizelos, the Kingmaker—and breaker—selected Constantine's second son, Alexander.

A few months later Alexander died from blood poisoning. His father returned to succeed him. But not for long. Less than two years afterwards

King Constantine was again in exile—the sequel to his unhappy adventure against the revived Turkish armies in Asia Minor.

Constantine died—and at last his eldest son, George, passed over once before, was asked to become King. He accepted, but actually occupied the throne only for a short time before he was asked to leave the country.

Another political upheaval had occurred. The Republicans were on top. The King went, and Greece became a republic.

Several times since, the country has been rent by internecine strife. Not more than a few months, indeed, have elapsed since the last abortive revolt.

And now politicians of several colours have united in asking the King to return. They believe that he is the only real stabilising influence in modern, unhappy Greece.

"Reported Missing"

How many still lie buried beneath Earth's crust
In one shell-pitted field, now unmarked grave?
Their fate unknown, their bodies crumbling dust,
And yet their name for evermore shall live.

How many, too, lie countless fathoms deep
In steel-girt coffin on the Ocean's bed,
Sharing in death their naught-disturbing sleep.
Till Earth and Sea give up their noble dead?

And then, and only then, shall they arise
From their immortal slumbers through the years,
Ascending with fitting honour to the skies
To assume the crown of glory which is theirs.

R. W. GRAY.

History's Naval Lessons

By I. Shipton

"I WILL only apply some very old lines wrote at the end of some former war,

'Our God and sailor we adore

In times of danger, not before.

The danger past, both are alike requite:—

God is forgotten and the sailor slighted,' "

wrote Nelson in one of his letters apropos of the neglect of the Navy.

Yes—"very old lines," but by no means inapplicable to-day, as it is one hundred and thirty years ago since the inshore frigate squadron off Cadiz signalled back to the main body of the British Fleet under Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson the momentous words, "The enemy are coming out of port"—a signal which was the prelude to

grow in wealth and freights," Captain John Hawkyms forcefully pointed out to the harassed "Mr. Secretary," who no doubt felt himself as uncomfortably placed as the present Board of Admiralty, forced against its better judgment into ill-advised economies.

How ill-advised those economies are is still not fully realised by the public at large, although recent events have done something to focus public attention on the dangerous low level to which our Sea Service has been allowed to fall.

At the end of 1936 the naval Treaties of Washington and London automatically lapse. By that time our country, which depends for her existence on sea-borne supplies, will have thirty-six non-obsolete cruisers. Lord Jellicoe—and no

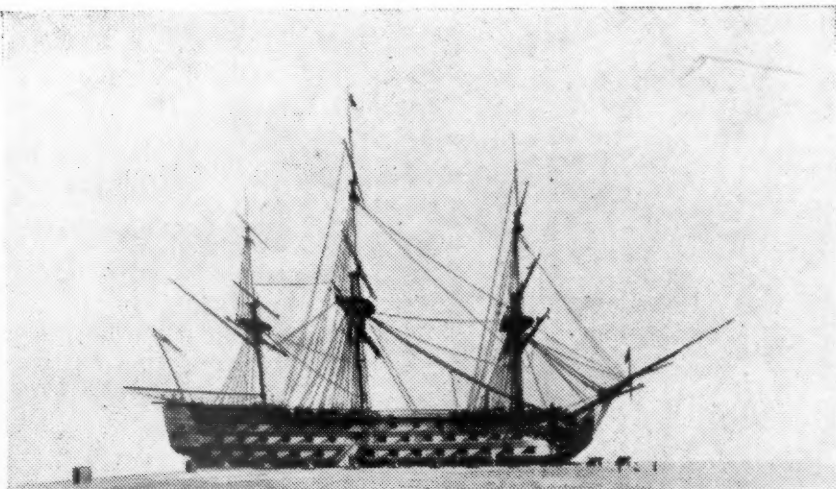
man should know better—has computed seventy as the necessary minimum. We only possess half that number. Nor must it be forgotten, a fact which is often lost sight of, that out of a given total of ships roughly speaking only two-thirds are available at any given time, since a certain proportion must always be in harbour for repairs, refuelling and so on.

In the event of war it may be presumed that at least twenty of those thirty-six cruisers will be required for service with the fleet. Supposing a further eight to be in harbour—a modest estimate—that leaves the

Admiralty exactly eight non-obsolete cruisers to guard our shipping lanes from Hull to Halifax, from London to Vancouver, from Gibraltar to Bombay, across the many thousands of miles of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans round the Cape, and through such dangerous and closely congested points as the Suez Canal and the Gut of Gibraltar.

QUARTER STRENGTH

Our position with regard to destroyers is almost equally serious. There, too, practically half our available number will be over age by the end of 1936, while the available number is not only barely half that found necessary before the war, but is little more than a quarter of the number which we found we required during the war—one hundred and fifteen as against four hundred and forty three.



1805. H.M.S. Victory, Nelson's Flagship at Trafalgar.

the great sea battle fought two days later off Cape Trafalgar on October 21st, 1805.

"We are a neglected set, and, when peace comes, are shamefully treated," wrote the great seaman in another of his letters, and a study of naval history of the past shows a lamentable uniformity in the way in which retrenchment after a war has invariably meant false economy in that branch of the Services which is so essential to England's welfare—the Navy.

"Good Mr. Secretary, let not her Majesty be too hasty in dissolving her forces by sea and land," begged Howard of Sir Francis Walsingham after the Armada in 1587. Queen Elizabeth's ill-advised economies in naval stores had made themselves severely felt during that fateful year. "Neither need I to rehearse how dead and uncertain our traffics be . . . our navigation not set on work; but the French and Scots eat us up, and

Meantime not only do we not build new ships, but we scrap perfectly serviceable old ones. Some of our older battleships and battle-cruisers, while unequal to taking a place in the line, would surely make good convoy guards in place of our non-existent cruisers.

"I am dying with anxiety for want of frigates," wrote Nelson in October, 1805, "... the Aurora's convoy has been detained at Gibraltar for want of frigates to see them safe. . . . I fear my means will arrive too late, for the battle will be over, and I shall have to regret the want of frigates." For "frigates" write "cruisers" and you have the same lament from Admiral Jellicoe in the last war. We shall undoubtedly have a like lament in any future war.

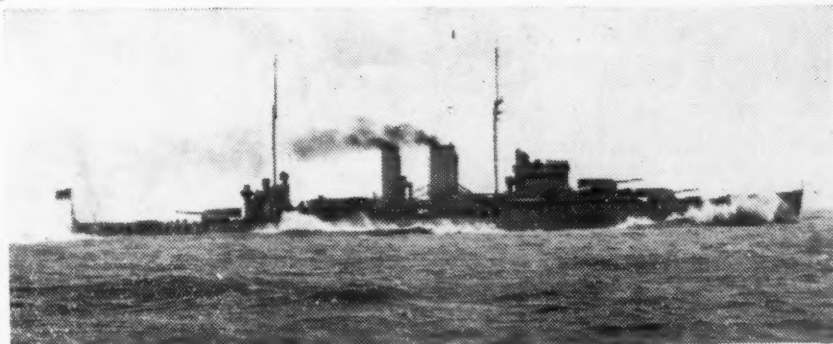
MAKE UP LEEWAY

Ships cannot be built in a day. The highly-specialised training of a modern seaman cannot be hurried through in a few short months of instruction, however intensive. Nor, under peace-time conditions, does the naval man get sufficient practice in naval manœuvres, since economy curtails practise ammunition and prevents full-speed trials except on rare occasions. Our seamen are as fine a set of men as ever they were, but to ask them to work without adequate material is unfair to them.

What is the remedy? To build our Navy up to strength out of current expenditure is plainly impossible, so great is the leeway to be made up. There is only one thing to do—launch a Naval Loan. Only, if it is to be done, it must be done AT ONCE. Our hands are tied as regards capital ship construction till December, 1936, but there is much leeway in our destroyer and submarine programmes to be made up, as well as speeding up allowable cruiser construction, and increasing naval reserve stores and personnel. This, incidentally, would relieve unemployment and assist trade, also paving the way for adequate reconstruction when we pass out of the present treaty period.

PEPYS' LAMENT

Shall we never learn the lessons of history? Charles II laid up the Royal Navy in expectation of peace. As a result Evelyn sent Pepys "Prospect of the Medway, while the Hollander rode master in it." The sight of it, said Pepys passionately, "hath led me to such reflection on my particular interest (by my employment) in the reproach due to that miscarriage, as have given



1935. H.M.S. Exeter, doing 30 knots.

me little less disquiet than he is fancied to have who found his face in Michael Angelo's Hell."

Let us hope a future Secretary of the Admiralty will not be moved to make a like entry in his diary!

Politicians on Armistice Day

(It is suggested that an election truce be held on November 11)

Do they seek for a truce from the hustings, for a day when the clamour dies?

Will they cease then from bragging of things undone, and look for truth among lies?

Will they commune awhile with the dead? To atone for the blood that was spilt?

Will they dare to tell of the empty air and the ships they have not built?

They will stand by memorial stones, and their hearts will fill with pride

As they read the words anew—"that England may live we died."

But will they think that the verdict passed upon them may stand,

"They lived, and England died." On the ruins of this, our land,

They climb to a shadow of power and crow that the night is past,

While we look for eagle's wings to soar in the teeth of the blast.

They preen their ruffled plumes and flutter their farmyard wings;

—Surely somewhere the skies are clear and the bird of Freedom sings.

And what does the nation think, its vote for a space unsought?

These are the words that utter the people's unspoken thought,

"The flame of their loyalty failed; they blow on the glowing ember,

Hoping their failures forgotten—but this time we shall remember."

SKENE LLOYD.

TRADE UNIONS AND YOUTHS

By Col. Sir Thomas Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.

THE famous colony of washerwomen, who made their livings by taking in each other's washing, is every day outdone by our twentieth century Socialists, but surely the high-water mark of bedlamite reasoning was reached on Saturday last by members of the London Teachers' Association. At their meeting at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, they carried a motion that the school-leaving age should be raised to fifteen, with maintenance grants where necessary, and one of the reasons put forward in favour of this motion, and of reducing the size of classes, was the plight of some few young teachers, who it was alleged are forced to sell cigarettes in the streets because of their inability to find work.

The cost of State education to the overtaxed ratepayer and the effect of that education on the child are, it would appear, of no more importance—if as much—as the convenience of a handful of school teachers, and this at a time when our unemployed are numbered in millions. To find jobs for, at most, a few hundred teachers it is worth while altering the entire system of State education!

True, the "National" Government has already promised to take this step if returned to power and, although its professed reasons are different, they are scarcely more intelligent. The Government would keep the adolescents at school to obviate the necessity and duty of finding work for them. The teachers would keep them at school to provide work for themselves. The only people not overjoyed at the prospect are the pupils, their parents, and the tax-payers.

Workers Wanted

As the argument of the teachers is beneath contempt—will our doctors next manufacture cases?—let us examine the plea of the Government and assess the value of this education, of which we hear so much chatter and see so little result.

On the very same day as it reported the teachers' Farringdon Street meeting, a London newspaper published the following letter: "The question of unemployment is being much discussed in the General Election campaign. As a builder, during this year I have applied to the labour exchanges many times for bricklayers and carpenters, and have nearly always been informed that there were none available. I have had to slow down my work as there is not sufficient efficient labour. Many other builders have been in this position this year.

"Mr. Lloyd George's suggestion in his wireless talk that big national building schemes should be undertaken suggests lack of knowledge of present-day conditions. Even Government and local authorities cannot afford indefinitely to employ inefficient labour."

This lack of trained workmen has become in every direction a most serious feature of our national life, and it is directly attributable to the action of the trade unions, who, under the fallacious impression that a shortage of workmen necessarily means high wages for those available, have deliberately restricted the number of apprentices who may be admitted to each trade each year.

The lack of employment for persons between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one is very largely the work of the trade unions, and its final vicious effects are suggested by the letter quoted above. But instead of grasping this poisonous nettle firmly, and insisting on the right of youth to learn a trade by which to earn its living, the "National" Government—presumably to oblige its trade union friends—proposes to keep the adolescents shut up in school for an extra year, and to provide yet more officials for impertinent inquiry into the cases of those few lucky enough to have found work before the expiry of their fifteenth year.

A Noisy Minority

The persons almost entirely responsible for urging the raising of the school-leaving age are the organised elementary school teachers themselves, and so loud has been their clamour that their right to decide the educational policy of the nation has not been questioned. The truth of the matter is, however, that these teachers themselves are not persons of any great learning or of culture, and have in fact no more right or qualification than the average citizen to decide on any questions relating to educational policy.

And to the average citizen two facts stand out with appalling clarity. The first is that there are elementary schools in this country where as many as ten per cent. of the pupils do not benefit sufficiently by the training received ever to repay the country for the money expended on them. And the second fact is that even children of average ability who have attended an elementary school from the ages of five to fourteen leave with remarkably little to show for it, mainly because they have been treated to a smattering of so many things that they have never thoroughly acquired the fundamental arts of reading, writing and arithmetic.

Overhaul our whole system of education by all means and with all speed, but not for the purpose of pandering to the teachers' trade union or of relieving the Government of part of its unemployment problem by lengthening the years of attendance at school. It is not longer years that are required but better training in the few simple essentials, and the abolition of all the trade union restrictions to the acquiring of skill in any trade when the young desire to learn it.

The Making of an Outlaw

By Dan Russell

SAM FISHER was not an intentionally cruel man; it was simply that he was rough and unthinking. His cows and farm-stock were well-fed and well-housed because they brought him money, but the humbler beasts who lived around the farm fared badly. His dogs slept where they could, in draughty sheds or damp cellars; they ate what they could find in ash-can or pig-trough. Never were they allowed within the big, stone-flagged kitchen to bask before the fire. Never were they stroked or petted, their portion was, as often as not, an oath or a blow.

So when the kitten arrived in a wicker basket it was not taken into the house, but turned into the stable, for it was Sam's theory that if you do not feed a cat it will catch more mice and rats.

The kitten was a playful, friendly little thing, but it soon discovered that its new life was to be a hard one. No saucer of warm milk was put down for it, but instead it had to slake its thirst in the farm-yard puddles. When, once, it ventured into the kitchen it received a blow from a broom which sent it scurrying back to the stables.

Gradually the kitten lost its first friendly confidence and became shy and timid. It grew thin and lanky; many mice it caught but these were not enough. Always was there an emptiness in its stomach. Every man's hand seemed to be against the little creature; it grew wild and unapproachable.

THE TORMENTOR

Then, to add to the trials of the little stranger, a boy came to stay at the farm. He soon found what an exciting business it was to encourage the dogs to hunt the kitten round the buildings. The poor beast, frantic with terror, would climb to a roof-tree and crouch staring wide-eyed at the barking, dogs below. And Sam would stand by and laugh.

One morning when he was milking, the boy came to him.

"Cat's in a trap" he said "shall I let it out?" " 'Course " Sam said "let un out at once" and went on with his milking.

But the boy heedless of an animal's pain, forgot. And all that day and the following night the little cat crouched above the iron trap which gripped its forepaw. She did not fight to free herself as a dog on a rat would have done; she endured it all with the silent, unending patience of her kind. At times she cried a little, but she did not struggle. She knew that she was powerless and that unaided she could not escape. The trapped pad was numb and dead so that her agonies were mainly mental, that awful waiting through the long hours for what seemed to be her doom in some terrible form which she knew not,

Above all, was that overwhelming animal fear of being trapped, of being held powerless. So she lay there motionless, patiently waiting for the end. But in her heart surged and rose a latent savagery, a hatred of man and all his works, which cut through the years of domesticity.

It was in the morning that Sam remembered the trap and went to see if the boy had released her. He cursed a little when he found her still held. He bent and opened the iron jaws. He cursed still more when four deep furrows appeared upon his hand from a lightning claw.

For a moment the cat did not realise that she was free. Then she whirled to her feet. Her eyes shone with a yellow, savage glare. She spat furiously at the man and limped off towards the stables.

Next day she was gone and Sam did not see her again for a long, long time. He got another cat and forgot about the truant.

TRAIL OF DEATH

But soon it became evident that something strange was happening in the woods and coppices. Little heaps of feather were found which showed where pheasants had met their death. Half eaten carcasses of hares lay in the open fields, each body with the skin turned neatly back like a glove. And yet the killer was not seen; with the cunning of a fox he moved at night.

The keeper grew more and more worried as the days went by and still the raids upon his birds and beasts continued. Many traps he set without result.

But one night Sam Fisher was awakened by the agitated clucking of his hens. He remembered that he had not locked them up. "Fox," he thought. He rose from his bed and loaded his gun. Very quietly he opened the kitchen door and stepped into the yard. Hell was loose in the hen house.

Sam walked across the yard with his gun ready. As he approached the hen-house something streaked from the open door. The gun roared. The thing leaped into the air and twisted convulsively upon the ground. Again the gun spoke. The thing lay still.

Sam went up and struck a match and there in the feeble light he saw the blood-stained body of a little tabby cat. He swore in surprise as he recognised it. But he would, I think, have been even more surprised had he been told that he alone was responsible for the making of the outlaw, that by his callousness he had driven this little beast into the career of blood which had ended so tragically. He clumped back to his bed.

The carcass of the little cat grew cold and stiff upon the stones. The brief career of the outlaw had ended.

RACING

We Hail the Ugly Duckling

By David Learmonth

THE Grand Sefton has now been run, herald of the Swan Song of the "legitimate" and logically, I presume, the beginning of the "illegitimate."

I have never been able to understand why this opprobrious term has been applied to National Hunt racing. It is true that it started as a baby when its grandfather was already a crusty old gentleman. But that is no reason why flat racing should pretend to have been born in Poona. It wasn't.

Flat racing has always justified itself by claiming to exist for the sole purpose of improving the breed of horses. That it has in the past improved the breed is certain; whether it still does so is a debatable subject.

After all, what is a horse for? Is it for practical use or is it a medium for betting? Supposing that the animal is for practical use, what are the purposes for which it is likely to be wanted? Leaving out the heavy cart horse, one may say that a horse is required for pulling light loads, for riding or driving in war, for hunting, and for hacking. It will be required less and less each year for pulling light loads and for war; for hunting the demand for it will be pretty constant for some years to come; for hacking it is likely to increase. Added to this, the type of man who is taking to hacking to-day is of the newly prosperous and rather heavy stamp, which requires, or ought to require if it were not for the cruelty of dealers, a weight carrier.

Substance and Shadow

It seems logical, therefore, to argue that steeplechasing, with its much higher weights, is more likely to produce the utility horse than flat racing. Against this it is only fair to say that the best flat racers are horses of substance. Many of the winners of inferior races, however, are not. In fact, some of them would not carry a well-grown man's boots. How often does one hear of an animal that was at least a stone better than anything else in a race, but which could not win because the puny imposition of nine stone seven was too much for it!

This is borne out by the fact that the best hunters do not come from the misfits of flat-race breeding; these go to Northolt Park. The good hunter of substance comes sometimes from a premium sire, which I admit has in most cases raced on the flat, usually with little success, or from an Irish stallion which may never have got the winner of a flat race in its life. I do not mean this to be interpreted that I approve entirely of the present method of awarding premiums. I do not. But this is another subject which is entitled to an article on its own.

The point that I am trying to make is that, owing to the fact that steeplechasers have to carry

weight, which is necessary for valuable hacks and hunters, and that they also have to jump, which is necessary for hunters, this form of racing is a better test than flat racing. It has always been a better test for what is wanted in the Army. It is true that horses will not be wanted for this purpose much longer; but this does not affect the argument, as at present and during past years they have been required.

The trouble is that there is very little prize-money in steeplechasing and the only horses of the best blood that compete in it are those that have been found wanting on the flat. This is a general rule with, naturally, some exceptions. There are and have been some quite useful handicappers that have run over hurdles; but no one has yet reserved a top-notch for the winter game.

Top-notchers on the flat are not necessarily marvels over obstacles; so no one could be expected, even if he were prepared to make the enormous pecuniary sacrifice, to reserve a budding Bahram for hurdle racing or steeplechasing. On the other hand, with very few exceptions, no owner has founded a stud and devoted time and money to breeding steeplechasers on scientific lines.

Amalgamation Wanted

It is a pity. Yet it is not something for which one can abuse breeders, who have to make ends meet and a bit of profit, sometimes a lot, if they are in the game professionally. One can, however, have a legitimate dig at the Jockey Club for their bland assumption that their own particular branch of racing is the only thing that really counts. This is all the more peculiar inasmuch as stewards of the Jockey Club have before now also been owners of steeplechasers.

What is wanted, to my mind, is an amalgamation of the Jockey Club and National Hunt Committee together with mixed meetings. These mixed meetings should continue all through the year, and an equal amount of money should be devoted to jumping and flat racing. The weights for flat racing, with the exception of two-year-old races, which should not begin until September, should also be raised.

After all, it is ridiculous that ninety per cent. of the horses racing on the flat should not be able to act through what the adherents of this sport are pleased to call mud; in other words a slight softening of the surface which enables the hooves of the horses to cut in an inch or so, and which in any decent hunting country, except possibly Fernie's, would be considered perfect going.

There are great difficulties in the way of reform; not the least being the tendency of entire horses to become gross. Yet I feel that only by a greater encouragement of National Hunt racing shall we get our horses more robust,

Too Good to be True

By Robert Machray

WHAT has been and is going on in Geneva, that home of intrigue? What is the truth respecting the economic Sanctions which the Co-ordination Commission of the League of Nations decided last Saturday should come into force on November 18 against Italy? Apart from the fact that these Sanctions are already known to be full of holes which will render them largely ineffective if applied, the question that arises is whether or not there is any real intention of even attempting to apply them. To judge from the statements of Sir Samuel Hoare, endorsed enthusiastically, of course, by the hack Government Press, the attempt is going to be made; yet the doubt persists.

In his broadcast from Geneva last Saturday evening, the Foreign Secretary, after talking about the obvious difficulties inherent in carrying Sanctions into effect, declared that the decision of the League was a "great achievement" on which its member-States were to be congratulated. But coupled with this was a statement that the League also had given its blessing to the efforts for peace which were being made by the British and French Governments, though without any suggestion that they were "going behind the back of the Council."

PRESSURE BY PERSUASION

One of the organs of our wretched Government calls this double-decker action of the League "pressure and persuasion," though, accepting the present ideology of Geneva as currently understood, "persuasion by pressure" would have been much more to the point. Having regard to the British Naval concentration in the Eastern Mediterranean, which undoubtedly hints at pressure, and the intransigent speeches of Mr. Baldwin and other members of the Cabinet, it could hardly be imagined that there was any lessening or abatement of our Government's determination to go all out for the League and its programme of Sanctions, at least of the financial and economic sort.

How comes it, then, that the *Daily Herald*, notoriously a whole-hogger for the League and a very great admirer of Mr. Eden, our League Minister, with whom it is often apparently in close touch, was able to publish on Monday an article, with the title, in shrieking headlines, "League 'Reform' Plan Exposed," which stated quite definitely that a new foreign policy, if the "National" Government remained in power after the election, was already being worked out. It added that this meant the scrapping of the League as an instrument for stopping war by collective action, and the substitution for it of a security system based on alliances and ententes.

This was going pretty far, but the *Herald* went a good deal farther, for it proceeded to assert that the plan had already reached such a stage that

certain foreign Governments had been discreetly sounded in order that their views on the subject might be ascertained. And the genesis of this new peace plan was said to be the conviction of "*most Tory Ministers and some high officials that the League system is completely unworkable, and that this will be proved by the present crisis over Abyssinia.*"

Four broad outlines of the plan are given: 1, The League to be turned into a mere machine for promoting the preservation of peace; 2, The League Council to become a smaller and more elastic body, composed of the Great Powers for all important matters; 3, European security to be assured by a series of regional pacts, defensive alliances and military agreements, the Covenant being discarded; and 4, Britain's share in the security to be limited to participation in the Locarno Treaties, plus a Western Air Pact, possible supplementary bilateral agreements, and General Staff conversations with France.

BALDWIN'S NEXT MOVE ?

It is to be feared that all this programme, which certainly has a background of realism, is much too good to be true, though the *Herald* actually declares that Mr. Baldwin himself is behind the plan. It says that under pressure of the peace ballot, the imminence of the election, and Eden's insistence, Baldwin agreed to a strictly limited trial of the League machinery, but had never really moved from the position he took up a year ago when he maintained that a collective peace system was "perfectly impracticable" with America, Japan and Germany outside it.

The Socialist paper prints all the foregoing statements, not as an election canard, as conjectural or probably true, but as statements of fact, and it sees a confirmation of them in Baldwin's speech in the House on October 23, when he said that if the League failed to live up to expectations, some other form of collective security had to be devised. Baldwin has wobbled with the Government, not once or twice during the last four years, and, therefore, it may be argued reasonably enough that he is quite likely to wobble again, but none of his utterances since the dissolution of Parliament has indicated such a change; rather the contrary, for he declares he is "impenitent."

As things are, the League, most unfortunately, remains the keystone or the sheet-anchor, whichever you please, of British foreign policy, according to our fatuous Government. Such a big advance into the realms of reality as featured by the *Herald* is far away from the mind of a Prime Minister, who, knowing—at least he ought to know—the increasing danger of the situation in Europe still has the hardihood to assert that England needs no great armaments, though the very opposite is the case.

Nightmare of the Election

(By Our City Editor)

GENERAL Elections have always been looked upon with disfavour in the City for, at best, they involve a hindrance to business and a disturbance of commercial confidence at home and abroad. But now that each Election is an actual struggle to prevent the mass electorate from committing economic suicide, it is nothing less than a financial nightmare. In 1931 the Election was welcomed, for it was realised that here was the chance of recovery, and everyone was confident that a Conservative Parliament, whatever the Government might style itself, would be elected. But the memory of the electorate is short-lived, and the horror of those days seems to live only in the minds of those who had to bear the strain of rebuilding our financial and commercial structure under the unavoidable handicap of the severest increases in taxation.

What the Socialists like conveniently to forget, more especially at election times, is that Britain's very existence depends upon the maintenance of her credit. Britain is not self-supporting—she must freely exchange goods and services with the Empire and with foreign countries if her people are to obtain the means of livelihood. The Socialist leaders, such as they are, are fully aware of this fact, yet they endeavour to persuade their ignorant followers that a financial crisis will harm only the "capitalists" of the City.

THE ROAD TO RUIN

Let us examine the immediate effects of a Socialist triumph at the polls. Sir Stafford Cripps has been incautious enough to prophesy "a first-class financial crisis," and this has been followed by the admission by Mr. Attlee, Mr. Lansbury and others that a crisis, would, in fact, result from the gaining of power by the Socialists. The first sign of the crisis would come from abroad where entire lack of confidence in Britain's future under Socialism would result in a withdrawal of all foreign capital from London, as happened in 1931.

Not only was short-term capital then transferred to New York, Paris, and other centres, but holders of long-dated British securities sold out in a panic at a heavy loss and the drain of capital from this country was directly responsible for our abandonment of the gold standard.

The heavy depreciation in securities would be synonymous with a rise in interest rates, making it impossible for the Government to borrow cheaply—and cheap borrowing is an essential condition for all the schemes of State development and social services which the Socialists propose to carry out. The rise in interest rates and the shattering of confidence by manufacturers and merchants at home and abroad would quickly bring about a growth of unemployment with the attendant

necessity of extravagant relief. Taxation of industry and of the wretched individual in receipt of fixed income would by this time have reached breaking point, and the only means of meeting unemployment relief would be by borrowing.

In 1931 the Socialist Government abandoned office rather than face a "cut" in unemployment relief, though in September of that year Mr. Philip Snowden, as he then was, estimated that the charging of relief and road fund expenditure to revenue instead of to loan account would result in an additional deficit of £70,000,000.

If the Socialists carried out their programme of State control of the banks the crisis would be hastened, for few depositors would care to entrust their savings to the tender mercy of politicians, even if they preached less disturbing doctrines than those of Socialism. There remains one way of meeting such expenditure as the Socialists would have us face, and it is to be feared that the City is too much engaged in its own business to realise the imminence of this threat. A Socialist Government in possession of full financial powers would very soon be driven to the use of the printing press and the ruin of Britain's credit would be complete.

BUILT ON A ROCK

However much we may shirk coming to this conclusion, it nevertheless stares us in the face; it is quite impossible for a Socialist Government to rule an essentially Capitalist state. Great Britain's prosperity has been built up over centuries by hard work at home and abroad, sound finance, and the evolution of a banking and financial system essentially dependent upon honesty and good faith.

Mr. J. R. Clynes, in his broadcast Election address, spoke with contempt of "securities falling like a stone," adding something about "more bread for the poor." It is pitiful that Mr. Clynes should deliberately ignore the dependence of the supply of "bread for the poor" upon Britain's credit, and it is small wonder that there should have been in the past few weeks a steady flow of British capital to America.

It is regrettable that British capital should seek security abroad, but only the City's confidence in the return of a preponderance of Conservatives in the next Parliament has maintained security prices at their present level.

Britain's financial and commercial activities cannot proceed for ever on this hand-to-mouth basis. It is not for a City man to propound remedies—the unwieldiness of the electorate suggests one in itself. The City only hopes that the electorate may quickly acquire some knowledge of the delicate nature and balance of our financial structure, which is now threatened with destruction at each Election.

Eve in Paris

THE thirty-second Radical Congress at the Salle Wagram closed with a triumph for the Mayor of Lyons, re-elected as leader of the party. There had been stormy passages between him and certain members of the Left Wing, M. Daladier and M. Guernut attacking M. Herriot for having accepted measures which put Democratic and Fascist Leagues on the same footing, to which he replied irritably, "Anyhow I have done *something*; you, Daladier, when in office did *nothing*."

It seemed at one time as if, angry passions rising, a split might occur in the Front Populaire. Ex-Premier Chautemps saw the danger, and intervened with soft words. Peace was restored and a crisis averted which would have dragged down the Laval Cabinet, adding domestic troubles to the present grave foreign anxieties.

But the Herriot Moderates had to compromise with their Socialist and Communist friends, who claim a victory, for their demand that patriotic leagues (such as the Croix de Feu) and all semi-military associations be abolished is backed by the Radical Party, and a law to that effect will be demanded when Parliament meets. "The Leagues must be dissolved," declares M. Daladier. "If the Government does not change its policy, we will change the Government."

M. Daladier was Premier in February, 1934, at the time of the massacre in the Place Vendôme and the riots in the streets of Paris. Discredited in consequence, he seems now to have regained his political influence. He is not a *persona grata* with the Soviets, on account of his pro-German sympathies and advocacy of extending to Berlin the hand of friendship, an act which, in his opinion, would bring peace and prosperity to France.

M. Herriot, on the contrary, is a Russophile, and most favourably regarded by Moscow.

* * *

THE new Belgian Ambassador, Count de Kerchove de Denterghem, has arrived in Paris, accompanied by the Countess. He was received at the station by the Director of the Protocol, M. de Fouquières, representing the French Government, by the Chargé d'Affaires of Belgium, and the President of the Belgian Chamber of Commerce in Paris.

The Count and Countess were mourning for their lamented Queen. The Ambassadors looked attractive in a black toque and fur coat, and she smilingly thanked M. de Fouquières when he presented to her a magnificent sheaf of orchids.

The Ambassador has had a long and distinguished diplomatic career. A man of great

culture, an admirable linguist, his knowledge of French literature is profound, and a long line of learned ancestors has bequeathed to him a cherished possession—his famous library, housed in the Château de Beirvelde, where he entertains friends sumptuously during his brief holidays.

The French Capital still charms foreign diplomats, and many eventually make it their home. The brilliant Irish Minister, Count O'Kelly, who retired this summer, has taken a flat near the Bois; Baron de Wedel-Jarlsberg, ex-Minister of Norway, lives at the Ritz; and M. Cornejo, who represented Peru, has established himself here.

* * *

WHEN in 836 Pope Gregory IV visited the King of France a Holy Day was instituted in commemoration of the dead and has been observed in Catholic countries ever since.

Pious pilgrimages are made to the cemeteries; bereaved relatives lay wreaths on family tombs. Some illustrious shrines are heaped with flowers, and others neglected.

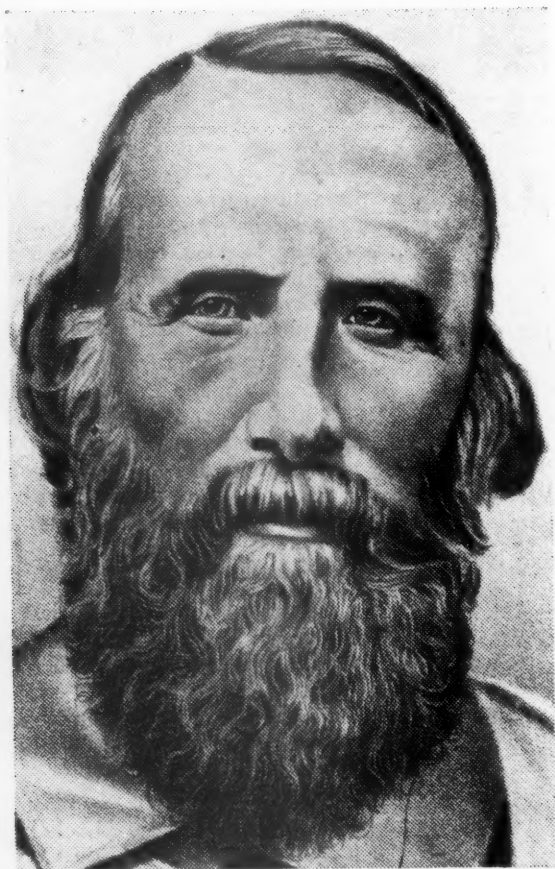
The oddly-named Allées of Père Lachaise (Chemin des Chèvres, du Père Eternel, du Coq, etc.) are crowded with mourners and "les curieux," a species abounding in France. Passy's quiet graveyard has fewer visitors; some come for a sinister purpose, for last week an ivory crucifix worth many thousand francs was stolen, and costly flowers are frequently removed.

In the ugliest suburbs of the city lie the burial-places of the poor, sordid and sad. At the Cemetery of Ivry a bare piece of ground is noticeable among the crowded graves. It is called "Le Champ des Suppliciés." Here rest the remains of the guillotined, and should some faithful friend, remembering, lay a humble blossom thereon, it is removed by the hand of Authority.

* * *

THE work of demolition on the misnamed Palais du Trocadéro is watched daily by approving eyes. The edifice was not palatial-looking; it was unimposing, dingy in colour, and trivial in design. Built in eighteen months for the Exhibition of 1878, it stood a monument to the bad taste of that period, with battlements, towers and minarets, whereon countless statues disported themselves. The latter are being carefully preserved by the authorities and will form unwelcome gifts to provincial museums.

The unsightly erection possessed little practical value, as the acoustics of its huge auditorium were faulty. Its disappearance will clear a lovely site to be utilised in the Exhibition of 1937, which will spread itself across the Seine to the Champ de Mars.



Garibaldi—Maker of united Italy.

GLENDOWER: I can call *sanctions* from the vasty deep.

HOTSPUR: Why so can I; or so can any man:
But will they come when you do call them?

Henry IV, Part I, Act III, Scene I.

(With apologies to Shakespeare)

HOTSPUR'S question sums up the attitude of most Italians toward the idea of *sanctions*. There is a very general conviction:

that it will be impossible to group all the nations of the League in a really common policy, under the whip of Mr. Eden. In fact several nations have rejected *sanctions* altogether, and others have accepted them with so many reservations as to render their effect nugatory:

that the non-member States and those members who have rejected *sanctions* will supply Italy with all she needs and will buy her exports;

that many countries which have been forced into *sanctions* by threats or cajolery will close both eyes to evasions;

that the only practical consequence of *sanctions* will be to promote bitter and undignified squabbles between Great Britain and other *sanctionists*, especially those who have demanded compensation for the eventual loss of the Italian trade;

that *sanctions* may produce difficulties and hardships for Italy, but that they will be by no means insuperable or intolerable, for Italy's greatly increased internal production will enable her to secure

and ITALY AND

all that she cannot get from abroad, while in any case a people as frugal, hard-working and disciplined as the Italians are quite capable of facing the problem without turning a hair.

This view is, I am quite certain, a sound one, for Italy's powers of resistance, militarily, economically and above all morally, are infinitely superior to anything that Mr. Eden and the fatuous devotees of the League of Nations Union ever dreamed of. The recent economy decree shows the country's determination to see the thing through, *sanctions* or no *sanctions*.

But what Italians cannot swallow is that it should be Great Britain who has taken the lead in promoting this preposterous policy of *sanctions*, and that it should be the British delegate alone who, inspired by venomous spite, should, by unremitting persistence, have forced it on the unwilling representatives of other countries. The Italian people had for generations been accustomed to regard Great Britain as their traditional friend, as the country on whom they could always rely, whose Government, even when legitimately pursuing its own national interests, did so in a gentlemanly way and in a spirit of fair play.

BRITISH HYPOCRISY?

They were among the few Continentals who did not believe in the theory of British hypocrisy. Moreover the British Empire represented for them one of the bulwarks of our common civilisation, whose power and prosperity were almost as important for Italy and the rest of the world as for the British themselves. Yet in this Abyssinian dispute not only was British public opinion (at least, the most vocal part of it) unfriendly to Italy and sympathetic towards Abyssinia—this support of the under-dog is regarded as a traditional British characteristic and one which is not condemned—but the British Government has systematically tried to mobilise the whole world against Italy.

Even if this attempt fails to lead to the desired result, as it is bound to do, the mere fact that Great Britain has made it will have far-reaching and disastrous effects of another kind. British hypocrisy will no longer be laughed at as a hardy annual of the more scurrilous French and German papers, but will be regarded as a reality. There may be some people in responsible positions, in Great Britain who are genuinely attached to the League idea, but no one in Italy believes it, and what makes the Italian perfectly savage is the attitude of sanctimonious cant (by the way *sanctions* and sanctimoniousness both begin with

By... COMMENT
Luigi VI
LUIGI VI

AND SANCTIONS

Commedatone
Villari
COMMENDATORE
I VILLARI

the same six letters!) on the part of British political men, which they feel is mere camouflage for much less avowable aims than are proclaimed.

Those statesmen had repeatedly declared that Great Britain would only act at the behest of the League in the spirit of the League and with a view to collective security. Yet a huge British Fleet was sent to the Mediterranean as a direct menace to Italy without any request, suggestion or even knowledge on the part of the League, *before* that body had pronounced itself on the dispute, *before* the Italian troops had crossed the border of Abyssinia, and the measures for sending out the

indeed, any Continental, of this fact.

That is the real tragedy of the situation. British-Italian understanding seemed the most solid defence of peace and order in this not too brave new post-war world; I myself have repeatedly said so in the Press and the platform of both countries, in the belief that the British and the Italians were the two most sensible peoples in Europe and the least liable to collective hysteria. I still believe it to be true of the Italians, but who will believe it now of the British? British memories are short, and it is quite possible that when the elections are over, or when the Test Match or the Grand National provides a new sensation, Abyssinia, the League and sanctions will be forgotten and the dispute settled somehow or other.

But the Italians will not forget so soon. When



Mussolini, who has restored the Roman tradition, inspects a guard of honour.

Fleet had been taken some weeks earlier still.

Those of us who know the British well, still believe that if the politicians have misbehaved and if there is a good deal of hypocrisy in sections of the British public, there is also sincerity and honesty in other groups; but, it will in future be immensely difficult to convince any Italian, or,

one has a dispute with an unfriendly nation it is regarded as inevitable, and when the particular quarrel is made up there is an inclination to let bygones be bygones. But when one has been let down and badly, we think shamefully, by those whom we had regarded as friends, it will take a generation to forget it.

TO
LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.,
WHO STROVE SO NOBLY AND COURAGEOUSLY TO
PREVENT THE SURRENDER OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE,
THIS PLAY,
CENTRED ROUND THE GREATEST ENGLISHMAN WHO HAS
RULED IN INDIA,
IS MOST GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

A campaign of calumny against Warren Hastings has resulted in that great Governor-General of India being superseded. Hastings announces at a farewell party, that, thanks to the machinations of his bitterest enemy, Philip Francis, he is to be impeached at the bar of the House of Lords. Hastings is determined to clear his good name.

ACT IV. Seven Years Later THE IMPEACHMENT

Westminster Hall on the last day of Warren Hastings' impeachment. The Hall is draped in crimson. In a great semi-circle R tiers of seats for the Peers who are trying the Great Proconsul. L boxes containing a number of ladies and men. In one of the ladies' boxes are Mrs. Hastings, Lady Sarah Mandeville and Mrs. Timmins. In another Madam Darblay (Fanny Burney), Mrs. Cholmondeley and Mrs. Boscawen. The Prince of Wales can be seen half concealed behind the curtains of his private box. Ushers, beefeaters and other functionaries throng the Court in their semi-medieval trappings.

The scene is unique. A chair is set for Warren Hastings in the centre of the stage facing the judges. A little behind him and facing in the same direction, seated on green benches, are two groups of men. Each group consists of two rows, six in each, separated by a wide gangway. All are in Court dress. The group nearest the audience is composed of Hastings' friends, defending counsel, etc. The further group consists of his accusers. The Serjeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons, in Court dress, stands by the group of accusers.

Edmund Burke, now an old man, Philip Francis and Windham enter together R. Richard Brinsley Sheridan is already seated.

MRS. CHOLMONDELEY: At last, Fanny, this interminable trial is to end.

FANNY BURNEY (Madam Darblay): Here comes Mr. Burke. 'Tis nearly eight years since I heard him open the case for the impeachment. It seems more like twenty years.

MRS. BOSCAWEN: And here he comes, ready to close the case and demolish Hastings finally. He's sure to surpass himself.

Hastings enters with his counsel, Law, Dallas and Plomer, and takes his seat in the chair provided for him. He looks much older. His hair is white, but his expression is calm and dauntless as ever. He is dressed in plum colour.

MRS. CHOLMONDELEY: La, there goes Hastings. Sure the trial has aged the little man.

MRS. BOSCAWEN: Can you wonder? They say he has lost everything and has not a penny to bless himself with.

MADAM DARBLAY: There is one thing he has not lost.

MRS. CHOLMONDELEY: What is that, my dear?

MADAM DARBLAY: His complete confidence in himself. He looks as calm and self-

WARREN

A Play consisting of
Prologue and IV Acts

By

Hamish Blair
& Helen White

possessed to-day as he did when the trial opened seven years ago.

Ushers cry "Room for my Lords!" The whole company rise to their feet. The Lords enter C in procession, marshalled by heralds under Garter King-at-Arms. They are in ermine, wearing their robes and coronets. There are twenty-five of them in order of precedence, the Duke of Norfolk, as Earl-Marshal of England, bringing up the rear with the Lord Chancellor (Lord Loughborough).

The Lords file into their seats, the Lord Chancellor sitting in the middle of the centre tier. When all are seated, the Serjeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons advances, bends the knee to the Lord Chancellor and calls out:

"The Commons of England in impeachment of Warren Hastings, Esq."

Hastings rises, bends the knee to the Lord Chancellor and resumes his seat.

The Lord Chancellor (calls aloud): Mr. Burke!

Burke rises and advances from his seat into the well of the Court, to a position which brings him practically abreast of Hastings. On occasion he turns to Hastings, and seems to address him direct. Burke makes a profound inclination to the Tribunal and plunges into his concluding philippic.

BURKE: My Lords, the whole of the evidence against the defendant has now been submitted to you, and upon it I ask your lordships to find him guilty of the high crimes and misdemeanours of which he stands impeached. We claim to have proved that Warren Hastings has abused the great position which he held as Governor-General of India for more than a dozen years. That he had converted to his own use at least forty lakhs of rupees which should have been credited to the Company. That he procured the execution of the Maharajah Nundkumar by forged evidence and by the treacherous exploitation of his personal influence with the Chief Justice, Sir Elijah Impey. That he lent the might of the British military power to the conquest and enslavement of the splendid Rohilla race. That he wrung more than a crore of rupees by torture and terrorism from those two helpless princesses, the Begums of Oudh. That he persecuted and finally deposed the Maharajah Chait Singh of Benares, for resisting his insolent attempts to blackmail a prince of an ancient and honourable line. That he has cost the East India Company thousands of lives and crores of treasure by his constant and unnecessary wars. That he has been the oppressor of the humble millions of the peasant cultivators of Bengal.

I am not concerned to deny, my Lords, that his many crimes are offset, in a measure, by certain remarkable qualities. If courage, patience, inflexible determination and administrative

HASTINGS

capacity of the highest order make a man great, then, I admit, that Warren Hastings has shown himself a great Englishman. But our admiration of these qualities should not blind us to the crimes which have sullied them.

Therefore (*raising his voice*) hath it been ordered by the Commons of England, that I impeach Warren Hastings of these high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation whose ancient honour he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all.

Burke again bows to the Tribunal and goes back to his seat. A deep murmur of emotion is heard all over the Hall. Sighs and even screams from the ladies' boxes, smelling salts are inhaled and fans are plied.

LADY SARAH MANDEVILLE (*Stout, middle aged and impressionable, to her neighbour*): La, my dear creature, what eloquence! A little more and my laces would have burst. Sure they must find him guilty after that. I feel quite sorry for the little man.

MRS. TIMMINS (*a young but cantankerous looking woman, tossing her head*): Sorry, ma'am! So am not I. He is a very monster of iniquity. I hope he'll be hanged, drawn and quartered.

MRS. HASTINGS (*turning round angrily*): Do you ma'am? Then you're a fool! My husband is the greatest Englishman now living.

MRS. TIMMINS (*startled*): God forgive me, ma'am. Are you his wife?

MRS. HASTINGS (*emphatically*): Yes, ma'am, and proud of it.

MRS. TIMMINS (*spitefully*): Well, ma'am, I shouldn't let too many people know—especially after the trial is over.

MRS. HASTINGS: I'll let the whole world know. My husband will be acquitted—you'll see!

MRS. TIMMINS: Poor thing! I pity you.

AN USHER: Silence in the Court!

MRS. HASTINGS: I don't want your pity, ma'am. I despise it and you.

USHER (*with emphasis*): Silence in the Court!!!

MRS. TIMMINS: I wouldn't be in your shoes, ma'am, for anything in the world!

USHER: SILENCE IN THE COURT!!!!

MRS. HASTINGS: There, ma'am. The very crier is against you!

During this dialogue Burke has returned to his place, and received the felicitations of his friends. Hastings consults with his counsel. After a pause—

THE LORD CHANCELLOR: Mr. Dallas, My Lords are now prepared to hear you and your friends.

MR. DALLAS (*rising and bowing*): May it please your Lordship Mr. Hastings, with permission, will himself address my Lords.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR: We are ready to hear him.

Dallas bows to the Tribunal and then to Hastings, who rises and bows profoundly. His eyes are bent on the Peers. Then he speaks.

HASTINGS: My Lords, my heart and conscience alike acquit me of the crimes which the burning eloquence of Mr. Burke has sought to fasten upon me. Yet, such is the effect of his eloquence upon myself, that I find it difficult to believe that I am not the monster he has depicted. My Lords, does the evidence bear out these hideous charges? Would the people whom I am said to have oppressed, tortured, robbed and enslaved, have joined in their hundreds of thousands to implore me to remain in their midst? Would the whole of my fellow-countrymen in the East, have honoured me with their confidence and esteem were I the thief, the blackmailer, the unscrupulous vendor of place and power which Mr. Burke has represented me to be? Lastly, had I abused my position to amass an enormous fortune, would I have been reduced to the state of genteel poverty in which I am compelled to live? I submit to Your Lordships, that I sport none of the signs of the unscrupulous and successful oppressor. On the contrary!

My eminent predecessor, the late Lord Clive, against whom similar charges were made, avowed to the House of Commons that he stood amazed at his own moderation, when he considered the opportunities given to him in India, for amassing colossal wealth. Yet my Lords, Clive was a rich man. I am not. My opportunities of acquiring a fortune were as good as his. How comes it that at the close of my career, I am no richer than I was at the beginning?

Even Mr. Burke admits that I am an Englishman! That, my Lords, is my proudest claim. I AM ENGLISH OF THE ENGLISH, and the great inspiration of my career has been to spread the fame and power of England throughout the East. In that spirit I ruled Bengal, established the *pax Britannica* as far north as Lucknow and as far south as the Carnatic and Mysore. I broke the power of the Rohillas and Mahrattas, and destroyed the tyranny of Hyder Ali. At the same time I consolidated the Empire which Clive had won in Bengal, and reorganised it upon a basis which yields a permanent and increasing revenue to the East India Company. I have done all this, my Lords, not for myself, but for my country, and not for my country alone, but for the millions in that vast land, which is coming more and more within the orbit of our Empire.

I freely admit that my methods have not been those of party politics in England. That was impossible. In India, the strong man armed is he who best negotiates with his enemy in the gate. I have been faced with grave and sudden emergencies. I have dealt with them as they arose to the best of my power, never swerving from my deep conviction that England has a mighty destiny

before her in India. Nor have I ever done anything unworthy of that destiny.

I can forgive Mr. Burke his intemperance and injustice. With all his vast learning and the years of study he has devoted to Indian questions, he is ignorant of the A.B.C. of the problem set before us who have borne rule in that country.

But, my Lords, I cannot forgive the source from which Mr. Burke has drawn much of his inspiration. I cannot forgive the rancorous enmity of the man who, not content with hampering and stultifying me while in India, has carried this vendetta into Parliament, stabbing me in the back and prompting better and nobler men than himself, to smite me undeservedly in the face . . .

FRANCIS (*springing up in his seat and interrupting excitedly*): My Lords, I protest against these outrageous insults!

HASTINGS (*deliberately*): My Lords, I mentioned no names. Mr. Francis has fitted the cap to his own head.

FRANCIS (*stormily*): Sir, your insinuation was unmistakable.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR (*sternly*): Sit down, Mr. Francis. You forget yourself and this place. Such brawling would disgrace a hostelry . . . Mr. Hastings!

Francis collapses into his seat.

HASTINGS: My Lords, I have done. But before I sit down I am impelled to remind you once more that where the Indian Empire is concerned I consolidated what the great Clive founded. I gave you all. Am I to be rewarded by confiscation, disgrace and a life of impeachment? I appeal to the Peers of England for redress against the intolerable injustice I have suffered at the hands of the Commons. Both parties in the House of Commons have joined hands to hunt me down. I am conscious of no wrong. On the contrary I have done a great work in India. I appeal to your noble House to protect me, to justify me and finally (*a pause*) TO ACQUIT ME.

At the conclusion of his speech Hastings stands motionless. Then, with a profound bow to their Lordships, he resumes his seat. The murmur of approval which passes over the whole assembly is even more marked than that which greeted Burke's peroration. Fans and smelling bottles are once more in evidence in the ladies' boxes.

LADY SARAH MANDEVILLE (*dabbing her eyes and turning again to Mrs. Timmins*): Why, my dear, the little man has beaten Mr. Burke at his own game. Sure they cannot find him guilty after that speech?

MRS. TIMMINS: Why not, pray, my lady?

MRS. HASTINGS: The reason is simple, ma'am. Because the Lords are not such fools as the Commons.

LADY SARAH (*horrified*): My dear creature, hush! 'Tis high treason to say anything against the House of Commons. Not but what you are perfectly right. And Mr. Hastings—your husband, ma'am—is sure the greatest man who ever was in India.

MRS. HASTINGS (*proudly*): God bless your ladyship for that. He is.

MRS. TIMMINS (*spitefully*): Wouldn't you choose to retire, ma'am, while their Lordships give judgment?

USHER: Silence in the Court!

MRS. HASTINGS: Why, ma'am?

USHER (*with emphasis*): Silence in the Court!!

MRS. TIMMINS: Sure 'twill be unpleasant for you if they find him guilty.

USHER: SILENCE IN THE COURT!!!!

MRS. HASTINGS: Prepare, ma'am for the greatest disappointment in your life!

USHER (*loudly*): SILENCE IN THE COURT!!!!

THE LORD CHANCELLOR (*looking up*): I must insist on silence. My Lords are about to deliver their verdict.

MRS. HASTINGS: There, ma'am, I hope you'll take the hint!

Mrs. Timmin tosses her head, but tacet. The Lord Chancellor rises. So does everyone in the Court except their Lordships.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR: Your Grace of Norfolk, do you hold the defendant GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK (*rising and laying his hand on his breast*): NOT GUILTY, upon my honour!

There is a burst of applause, and an indignant protest from the Usher. Amidst growing excitement, the question is put to the whole twenty-five Peers. All except five declare Hastings to be NOT GUILTY. Amidst tense excitement the Lord Chancellor rises and addresses Hastings.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR: Mr. Hastings, you have heard My Lords' verdict upon your record. Let me add to it my own profound conviction that that verdict is a just and true one. In acquitting a great Englishman of the crimes so wantonly alleged against him, our noble House has vindicated its honour, and maintained its name as a just tribunal. (*Raising his voice*):

THE IMPEACHMENT HAS FAILED, AND WARREN HASTINGS, ESQUIRE, STANDS CLEAR OF EACH AND EVERY ACCUSATION THAT HAS BEEN MADE AGAINST HIM.

The applause which breaks forth cannot be repressed. Mrs. Hastings excitedly kisses both Lady Sarah and Mrs. Timmins. She then rushes from the box, to reappear the next moment on the centre of the stage, where Hastings is standing. She rushes up to Hastings, who is surrounded by friends and counsel, shaking his hand and felicitating him—forces her way through them, flings her arms round his neck and bursts into tears. Hastings pets her for a moment, and she recovers her composure. His attention is for the time entirely taken up with her, while his friends look on in respectful silence.

Burke gathers up his papers also in silence. Francis glares furiously at Hastings, and during a momentary pause in the general excitement is heard to say—

NO MORE IMPEACHMENTS FOR ME! HASTINGS HAS BEEN ACQUITTED! IT IS I WHO HAVE BEEN IMPEACHED!

MRS. HASTINGS (*turning excitedly and triumphantly to Francis*): Yes, Mr. Francis, you have spoken the truth at last. (*Then she turns to Hastings*): My Love, did you hear him?

DALLAS (*soothingly, whilst Hastings lays his hand on her arm*): Yes, Mrs. Hastings, we have all heard him. (*Turning to Hastings*) I think, Sir, you have now heard the verdict of posterity.

CURTAIN.

THE END.

New Books I can Recommend

BY THE LITERARY CRITIC

THERE have been a number of biographies already about the late King Albert, most of them published within a short time of his death.

None of them could claim to be quite so authoritative and full as that now written by the distinguished Belgian poet and critic, M. Emile Cammaerts ("Albert of Belgium: The Defence of Right," Ivor Nicholson & Watson, 21s.).

Recognising that such a romantic figure as the late King was bound to be invested in the popular imagination with much that was mythical and legendary, M. Cammaerts has been at great pains to sift all the available evidence about his life and career.

He quotes Emerson's saying that "the characteristic of heroism is its persistency" as singularly applicable to a Monarch whose whole outlook was so transparent and consistent and whose actions and motives were too plain and simple to be misunderstood.

"The personal character of King Albert will remain a puzzle to modern psychologists in search of subtleties. It is founded on a few simple principles, formed by education and a strict conscience and strengthened by an almost abnormal power of self-control. In everything he did and everything he said we find a perfect truthfulness, a strong sense of duty and an indomitable energy. Sincere in his purpose, he did not hesitate to pursue it, and did not allow obstacles to alter his determination."

Samuel Pepys, Detective

In the second volume just published of his highly interesting and illuminating *Life of Samuel Pepys* ("Samuel Pepys: The Years of Peril," illustrated, Cambridge University Press, 12s. 6d.), Mr. Arthur Bryant has had recourse to much newly-discovered material concerning the career of the famous diarist.

He deals with the first period of Pepys' great work as Secretary of the Admiralty and has an amazing and exciting tale to tell of Samuel's narrow escape from being implicated in the Popish Plot and in a charge of murder, and also from being convicted as a traitor to his country.

Here are all the ingredients of a first-class thriller: a deep-laid conspiracy by Big Bosses in the State (the unscrupulous Whigs) to entrap the patriot-hero and bring about his death; the employment by them of arch-villains of a most unsavoury type such as the squint-eyed trickster and libertine, Colonel John Scott; a murder mystery on Primrose Hill—how came the corpse of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey to be found in "so obscure and dirty a spot" with "shoes untouched by mud or dust"; and finally the said hero, Samuel to wit, frustrating his enemies' knavery by his own detective abilities.

The first stage in the conspiracy had been to try to make Pepys responsible for the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey. Pepys being with the King at Newmarket had for himself an indisputable alibi, so the crime was foisted on his supposed agent—his clerk, Atkins.

"But not even the panic of that frantic time could enable the prosecution to get over the kind of evidence which Pepys had prepared for his clerk's defence. With the utmost method he had drawn up a list of witnesses to prove how every hour of Atkins' time was spent during the disputed three days. For Friday night there was Mrs. Bulstrode and her maid to prove that the young man lay at his lodgings till eight next morning. His fellow clerks with Tom, the porter, would then prove him in the office till midday. Mrs. Bulstrode and her maid would again testify how he dined at home, while his Saturday afternoon and evening up to one o'clock next morning would be shown by Captain Lloyd and others to have been spent mostly at the "Blue Post" in the Haymarket. So the carefully planned Schedule continued, accounting for every minute.

ADVENTURE, CRIME AND MYSTERY NOVELS

Quite the best crime story I have recently read is "The Case Against Mrs. Ames," by Arthur Somers Roche (Denis Archer). Here the investigator is a journalist who starts by being convinced of the guilt of the woman employing him to prove her innocent. It is a well-knit story, with the interest sustained to the bitter end.

"Death" or "Murder" generally occurs in the title of latter-day crime and mystery books, and one must confess to pining for a little more originality in this respect. However, by coupling one of these all too familiar words with an unusual epithet, Mr. Clifton Robbins may at least claim to have struck quite a novel note. And his "Methylated Murder" (Thornton Butterworth) has also the merit of being an excellent thriller.

"Tragedy After Tea," by Charles Ashton (Nicholson and Watson), and "World Under Snow," by D. K. Broster and G. Forester (Heinemann), both show commendable originality in the treatment of crime mysteries.

There is plenty of excitement in "The Stolen Boat Train," by Douglas G. Browne (Methuen), and in Mr. Sydney Horler's "The Mystery of the Seven Cafés" (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.), while both "The Cases of Susan Dare," by Mignon G. Eberhart (Lane), and "The Moor Barn Mystery," by H. Lawrence Phillips (Thornton Butterworth), should find many enthralled readers.

"The Red Widow Murders," by Carter Dickson (Heinemann), "Then Came the Police," by Cecil N. Wells (Heritage), and "Two Deaths for a Penny," by Nigel Burnaby (Ward, Lock & Co.), are also worthy of special mention.

All the fiction 7s. 6d. except where otherwise stated.

FREE BANKING

An outline of a policy of individualism

by HENRY MEULEN

(Macmillan - 7s. 6d.)

"His arguments are carefully developed on a sound basis and they are worthy of the deepest consideration, not only by bankers, but also by politicians who wish to inform their vast electorate of the need for reform of a banking system about which they are almost entirely ignorant."—*Bankers' Magazine.*

AN INDIVIDUALIST SOLUTION OF THE SOCIAL PROBLEM

The Farleigh Press issues a 15 pp. outline of this book, price 2d.

CORRESPONDENCE

A World Safe for Hypocrisy

SIR,—When Mr. Baruch of New York boasted that he "had more influence during the war than any other single man," he spoke truth. Could anybody outside Bedlam have foreseen that the notes which he and Mr. Warburg laid on President Wilson's writing table would have blossomed into an alien, international, non-Christian "League of Peace" now screaming and scheming for war? Hardly? Nor the unlooked-for direction from which came its victorious oriflamme with motto all complete.

On Trafalgar Day—of all days!—in the blackest of headlines stood out on the front page of a great Conservative journal the words "The Navy behind the League," followed by these of Mr. Churchill, "The reason why the League of Nations is now a reality, gripping all men's minds is because there has been behind it the British Navy."

That the combined ambition of Mr. Churchill, the forgiving spirit of the prodigal's leader, the unwanted bellicosity of the Pacifists, and the imminence of a general election should foreshadow a stronger Navy, is all to the good. But when one recalls the trenchant journalistic criticism of the League for the past several years, and the devastating cartoons by a highly talented artist designed to give point to that criticism, it appears that the shedding of principles is less difficult than the sloughing of skins.

The League of Nations has made the world safe for hypocrisy, and it is disquieting that powerful propaganda has persuaded a gullible public to subscribe so largely to its subversive "ideals." But the threat to place the lives of British seamen and the money of the British taxpayer at the disposal of international secretariats in

Geneva under the tainted influence of M. Litvinoff is the last and deepest ignominy of all. F. R. I.EE.

23, St. James' Square, Bath.

Why Not a Unionist Government?

SIR,—Why is the Government still calling itself a National Government? The Liberal Party and Liberal Associations say the National Liberals are "not" Liberals at all and the Socialist Party say the National Socialists are "not" Socialists, but traitors, and are opposing them in the coming election.

Are these so-called National Socialists really "Vicars of Bray or Humbugs or Hypocrites?"

Let us hope that if the Unionists do get in again, the Prime Minister will not fill his Cabinet with so many of these "Vicars of Bray," but give the Unionists their proper proportion of Ministers. N.O.

Argyllshire.

Perilous Sanctions

SIR,—It is doubtful whether Britons fully realise the dangerous abyss into which they are being slowly pushed by Britain's championship of the League of Nations. The League urged on by Mr. Eden is glibly imposing further Sanctions, quite disregarding the far-reaching consequence of the first Sanction, viz., the lifting of the embargo on the supply of munitions to Abyssinia, whilst still retaining it in the case of Italy.

This Sanction alone is sufficient to embroil England in war with Italy. The retention of the embargo on Italy is of no moment to her, as her own arsenals and factories will supply all her needs, and she has enormous inexhaustible sources of supply from Germany, Austria and Hungary. But the lifting of the embargo on Abyssinia is of very grave moment to Italy, simply because every round of ammunition that reaches Abyssinia carries with it, the potential loss of an Italian soldier. It is idle to expect Italy to take this "lying down."

The only course open to Italy to prevent munitions from reaching her enemy is to interrupt them during their transit across the seas, and to do this she must claim the right of a belligerent to search all ships. This will virtually amount to a blockade of all British ports in the Mediterranean and Red Seas and the Indian Ocean. The question then arises as to how long England will submit meekly to the blockading of her ports and interference with her shipping and trade. It requires no prophetic vision to foretell that a naval clash between Britain and Italy will before very long engage the minds of the busy-bodies of Geneva. When it comes to the point of imposing the Sanctions so glibly proposed by the mouthpiece of the collective conscience of Europe, it will be found that the only two nations capable of taking effective action are Britain and France; and France is already jibbing, and will soon withdraw altogether, and small blame to her if she does, for she has to safeguard her own security, by keeping friends with Italy. Were she to aid England in enforcing to their logical conclusion, the Sanctions imposed by the League, the result would be the throwing of Italy into the arms of Germany.

The shibboleth, "Universal Disarmament," has now been relegated to the limbo of the past, after having done untold harm to the security of Britain and its successors, "Collective Security" and "Collective Conscience of Europe," will likewise pass, but not before they have done as much harm as their predecessors.

The sympathy of the "Collective Conscience" is a very dangerous and disastrous thing. So long as Britain remains a member of the League she is grievously endangering her own security. It behoves her to cut loose from this futile assembly and to keep her "powder dry," or in other words, mind her own affairs and attend to her own defences. The best peacemaker the wit of man has devised is the British Navy.

COMMON SENSE.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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CORRESPONDENCE

A League to Abolish the Empire

SIR,—I enclose a cutting which has been sent to me:—
 "No power, however great, and however unsated, has any right to a private empire, which it is free to exploit for its own ends, and to organise without reference to a world community. The fact that, in our present world anarchy, several such empires exist is no reason for creating a new one for the benefit of Germany or anybody else. Two, three, four, five, or six wrongs do not make a right; nor can right ever arise by adding to their number. The problem here is to abolish the old empires, including of course the British, and to prevent the emergence of new."

From "Germany's Colonial Claim."
 By LEONARD BARNES.

Appearing in the September issue of *Headway*, official organ of The League of Nations Union.

As the official organ of the League of Nations Union distinctly states that the League is out to abolish the British Empire, it may be of interest to you and the *Saturday Review*.

J. C. OZZARD LOW.
 3, South Tait Street, Dundee.

Unite All Patriots

SIR,—The General Election is on us, and perhaps the least evil to expect will be the return of our "National" Government to ruin our trade by "Sanctions," and perhaps use rearmament as an excuse to drag us into every petty squabble hatched at Geneva. Worse still, too many people expect us to be pleased, and inform us that the alternative would be a Socialist Government, which would be very much the worse for us all, whereas the true alternative would be a Conservative Government, very much better for us all; or go so far as to call our dear leader a person whom all parties love and respect!

Now, in these circumstances, I venture to appeal to Lady Houston. There are many patriotic societies in this country, and among their supporters must be thousands utterly dissatisfied—more, terrified—by this state of things. Yet separately, they can do little. Cannot Lady Houston add to her splendid record for devoted patriotism by inviting the leaders of these societies, perhaps under her presidency—and I know of no one better fitted to preside at such a conference—to meet and discuss aims and methods in the hope of finding a programme of (1) what we wish to do, (2) what means we can try, on which we may all unite.

WINIFRED ROBERTS,

Orleigh, Ipplepen,
 Newton Abbot.

Indian Folly Bears Fruit

SIR,—Government broadcasters say not a word of India; but India is still there. The public will read with interest the sub-joined extracts from Notes by Mr. C. S. Ranga Iyer, a distinguished Indian politician, and *persona grata* with the exalted ones in the Indian States Bulletin of September 30th and October 7th (Poona), and from an editorial in that periodical.

(1) "There is one section of the Congress which is tired of fight. There is another section which is spoiling to revive the fight. In politics, Left leads the Right. The Right-Wingers, being men of moderate views and temperament, have not the courage to stand up for their convictions and fight for them . . . the Congress Dictators are tightening their hold on the Right wing. It is only with the approval of the Dictators that they can hold office. The Dictators, who still hope to keep behind the scenes and pull the strings, want to set up a puppet Government. This Government will not merely tolerate, but assist Congress methods which have hitherto been banned. The Congress Governments are to use the resources of the Provincial Governments which they are out to "capture" in order to push forward the Congress campaign with greater ferocity and intensity and over a wider range than in the past. Deadlocks are to re-create a revolutionary ferment in the country. The Provincial

elections themselves are to be fought with the object of promoting deadlocks and deadly strife. The seeds of Civil Disobedience are to be scattered over the land. . . . The country will be told at the next election that British Raj is on its last legs. The safeguards will be proved to be unsafe, as apprehended by the British die-hards. A colossal attempt is to be made on an All-India Continental scale to bring about the final crash of the reformed administration. . . ."

(2) (Also Mr. Ranga Iyer.) "There is a school in the Congress which is growing more and more popular and powerful, aiming at the overthrow of the British in India by helping the Congress movement outside with all the resources of a Congress Government, refusing to listen to the Governor and putting obstacles in the way of the Police. The propaganda in future with regard to the items banned hitherto is to be supported by the Congress Government. If the Police interfere with it, the Home Member, who will be, of course, a full-blooded Congress *Satyagrahi*, will come down upon the Police. . . ."

(3) (Editorial.) "The Congress and the Socialist Parties have a clear cut policy to clear the foreigner out of India and to destroy the Haves in India—the Indians and Europeans. It is futile for the authorities to try and fight the 'Have-Nots' by passing legislation to curb their extravagances in the Press and on the platform, on the one hand, and on the other to hand over all power in the new legislations to the very people who proclaim their programme beforehand. The immediate result of this criminal folly, etc., etc."

There is much more in the same strain, so uncomfortable to holders of Indian Loans, that I hardly like to repeat it.

O. C. G. HAYTER.

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S.R.2.

MOTORING**SPECIAL ROADS FOR LORRIES ?****BY SEFTON CUMMINGS**

THE horse has practically been driven from the road by motor cars so far as horse-driving for pleasure is concerned. Will it be that in time the motor car will be driven off by the lorry?

This is not an idle speculation, as anyone who has had occasion to motor into London in the evening along one of our Northern arterial roads will agree. The drive into town along Watling Street from any point south of where the road branches off for Birmingham is a nightmare. A succession of enormous lorries, most of them travelling northward at this time of the day, makes it necessary to slow up continually, while, in spite of the fact that the drivers are most courteous in all matters affecting the rules of the road and dip their headlights religiously, one is frequently dazzled.

There is no doubt that as year succeeds year more and more lorries will be seen on the roads. For some little time past they have been remarkable engineering jobs, and the present commercial exhibition shows plainly that the industry is forging even further ahead. The increase in our trade naturally tends to put more and more lorries on the road. This is as it should be and is an index of returning prosperity.

Roads for Lorries

I feel certain that, so far as arterial roads are concerned, we shall come sooner or later to separate roads for lorries. After all, the original purpose of these roads was to provide tracks where it would be safe to proceed at speed. This purpose is completely defeated if slow-moving traffic is allowed to use these roads.

In some foreign countries this has already been done and roads have been provided upon which a motorist is forbidden to travel at less than forty miles an hour. This not only speeds up the traffic but makes for safety. There is nothing more dangerous than the dawdling driver whose speed is much less than the average on a road. He causes congested strings of vehicles which are very difficult to pass if there is much traffic coming from the other direction.

Another difficulty about lorry traffic at the moment is that the majority is on the road at the same time and the total is not split up among all the hours of the day or night. Thus lorries leaving London for the North and Midlands all leave at much the same time, and the same applies to those leaving Birmingham and Manchester for the South.

Cyclists are, of course, still a menace to themselves and will continue to be so until they are made to have rear lights. At present it is almost impossible to see them when there is much on-coming traffic, necessitating the dimming of one's lights.

BROADCASTING**BADLY TIMED PROGRAMMES****BY ALAN HOWLAND**

THERE are times when I am sorry for the B.B.C. It is such a lumbering, clumping Yahoo that it is perpetually tramping with its clumsy feet on other people's susceptibilities and lurching its ungainly way towards no very certain objective. It is difficult to be really angry with a half-wit and there are times when I feel inclined to commiserate with Britain's most famous—and most advertised—Village Idiot.

The Will Hay Incident

One of the most recent victims of the B.B.C.'s clumsiness is a famous music-hall artist whose "turn" was faded out 28 seconds before it would normally have concluded, in order to make room for the emasculated News Bulletin of which the broadcasting boys are so proud. I am entirely in favour of keeping programmes to schedule and I should not for one moment venture to weigh the respective merits of Mr. Will Hay and the Weather Forecast. There are, however, ways and means by which it is possible to time each individual programme so that nobody need be cut off in his artistic prime.

Long ago, in the early Savoy Hill days, programmes were timed to within a few seconds, and woe betide the announcer who allowed one item to run over by even so much as half a minute. If somebody made a miscalculation—and, naturally, this did sometimes occur—it was the duty of the announcer to make the necessary adjustment. I can remember myself being compelled to cut out an entire act of the Beggar's Opera in order not to miss the time signal.

Intelligence Needed

The point is that anyone with average intelligence can time a programme to within a few seconds, and, even if it has been mistimed, can by reasonable anticipation make the necessary adjustments. There is not, and never has been, any necessity to "fade out" an artist in the middle of a sentence.

During the last few years the timing of the B.B.C. programmes has become steadily worse. Chamber music overruns its allowance by six and seven minutes, plays or revues fall short by anything up to fifteen minutes and nobody seems to care. There is absolutely no excuse for this. It is a perfectly simple matter to time an hour's programme to within half a minute.

The B.B.C. simply does not care nowadays. It blunders through the day's programmes and is only too thankful if it reaches midnight some time before 2 a.m. I hold no particular brief for Mr. Will Hay, except that I admire him as an artist, but I see no reason why he or anyone else should be the victim of the blundering incompetence of our broadcasting bureaucrats.

THEATRE NOTES

"Call It a Day"

Globe Theatre

By C. L. Anthony.

IT would be difficult to call it anything else. Dodie Smith's play starts nowhere and after a full three hours arrives at exactly the same place, except that it's twelve hours later. Still, one must not grumble when one has so much witty dialogue and acute observation. The two Hiltons were admirably played by Fay Compton and Owen Nares. Alexis France was her own puckish self as their younger daughter and made her precocity almost unbearable. Marie Lohr had a brief moment and succeeded in making it the most memorable of the evening, while Austin Trevor and Valerie Taylor gave the accomplished performances which one expects from them.

"Short Story"

Queen's Theatre

By Robert Morley.

THE author of so slight a play as "Short Story" must be more than gratified to be served by so brilliant a cast as that at the Queen's Theatre. We see the incomparable Marie Tempest in the part of the wife who is quite determined not to let her husband be filched from her by a "baggage"—played by Ursula Jeans; we see A. E. Matthews as the husband, acting with such ease and sincerity that it is difficult to believe it is acting. Then Sybil Thorndike, as Lady Bucktrout, makes that foolish old woman a lovable and most amusing character, while Margaret Rutherford, as the conscientious village worker, proved once more what an excellent artist she is.

"National 6"

Gate Theatre Studio

By Jean-Jacques Bernard.

MR. J. LESLIE FRITH'S translation of Jean-Jacques Bernard's play was so good technically that one found oneself unconsciously re-translating into the original French. The result was that the atmosphere created was neither French nor English but a sort of League of Nations from which most of the countries had resigned.

This was accentuated by the fact that Mr. Frith played the old father in the Gallic spirit—a beautiful and sensitive performance—Miss Marjorie Gabain as his wife hovered between Brittany and Surrey, while Miss Jill Furse as their daughter was frankly, albeit charmingly, Wimbleton.

One could not help thinking how delightful this play would have been in French and how disappointing it was in English.

"Hide and Seek"

Arts Theatre Club

By Bymme Warth.

THIS play is a duet in three acts by Bymme Warth of the Oxford University Repertory Company. It is a tricky business to tell a story of blackmail with only two characters, but Mr. Warth does it quite neatly with himself as a young man and Miss Diana Lincoln as a young woman. They both looked very young and acted with youthful enthusiasm. The play was simply but adequately produced by Pete Warren.

CINEMA

VIENNA v. HOLLYWOOD

BY MARK FORREST

AT the very beginning of the year *Maskerade* made its appearance at the Academy. It was a gay picture dealing with Vienna, where a fashionable artist drew a portrait of a lady clad only in furs, a muff and a mask. This duly appeared in a popular magazine, the readers of which immediately recognised the furs and the muff since they had just been won in a big raffle organised by society. The question then was who was the lady and, since the artist had a reputation of having a way with women, the query had an edge upon it.

The fashionable doctor was sure that the lady must be his brother's fiancée since she had won the furs, and he urged his brother, a dreamy musician, to find out the truth from the artist.

The artist assured him that whoever the sitter was, she was not his fiancée. Pressed for a name he gives the first one that occurs to him and the doctor, anxious to lay the scandal once and for all, sends his brother to verify the lady's existence.

Unfortunately a lady of that name does exist in Vienna and the tangle is complete. At this point in the Viennese film there burst upon the screen that very excellent actress, Paula Wessely, who may be seen at the Academy at the present moment in a picture having the same kind of atmosphere.

Maskerade Becomes Escapade

Escapade, at the Empire, is the Hollywood version of this picture and, beginning with the change of title, the translation is not a happy one. There is nothing unusual in this, for America never seems to be able to capture the light-hearted European idiom. In Hollywood's hands naughtiness is apt to degenerate into vulgarity and thistle-down puts on avoirdupois at an alarming rate. The settings are lavish, but produce an atmosphere which is not even remotely connected with Vienna, and with one exception the cast is equally unsatisfactory.

William Powell, though a good actor in many parts, is quite unsuited by that of the artist, but playing opposite to him is an Austrian, Luise Rainer. Her performance bears no comparison with that of Paula Wessely in the original version but, though her ingenuousness appeared forced at times and there are other faults, her personality is pleasing and she has undoubted talent of which a great deal more will be seen.

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HAMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/- Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Georgian Hotel. Bed., 22; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

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NEWTON STEWART, Wigtownshire.—Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

NITON, Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W.—Niton-Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £2 5/- Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

OCKHAM, Surrey.—The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9; Din., 6/- Golf.

PADSTOW, Cornwall.—Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.; "Cookson," Padstow.

PAIGNTON, DEVON.—Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH, Scotland.—Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lunch, 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Dinner, 6/- Garden. Golf, 3 courses within 6 mins.

PETERBOROUGH.—Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/-; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

PLYMOUTH, Devon.—Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

PORTPATRICK, WIGTOWNSHIRE.—Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from £5 weekly. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

RICHMOND, Surrey.—Star & Garter Hotel.—England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

RIPON, Yorks.—Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 35/- Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

ROSS-ON-WYE—Chase Hotel. Bed., 28; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., 37/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/- Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

SALISBURY, Wilts.—Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 299.

SALOP.—Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/- Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Forderminster.

SCARBOROUGH, YORKS.—Castle Hotel. Queen Street. Bed., 38. Pens., £3 12/6. W.E., 21/- Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

THE RAVEN HALL Hotel, Ravenscar. Bed., 56; Rec., 5. Din., 6/- Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

SIDMOUTH.—Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., £4 to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

SOUTH Uist, Outer Hebrides.—Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel gulls. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Victoria Hotel, Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16; Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/- Lun., 2/- Din., 3/6. Sup., acc. to requirements. Dn. Golf, tennis.

STOCKBRIDGE, HANTS.—Grosvenor Hotel. Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast, 8s. 6d., double, 14s. Golf, Trout fishing.

STRANRAER, Wigtownshire.—Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18; Pens., £3 10s. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

TEIGNMOUTH, Devon.—Beach Hotel T.H.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

TEWKESBURY, Glos.—Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6½ gns. Winter, 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

TORQUAY.—The Grand Hotel, Bed., 300; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

PALM COURT Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., fr. 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/- Tennis, Golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

TYNDRUM, Perthshire.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 30; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 5/-; Sup., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, shooting.

VIRGINIA Water, Surrey.—Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 18; Rec., 3 and bar. Pens., £4 15/6. W.E., £1 17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-.

WALTON-ON-NAZE—Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering. comfort and attention.

WARWICK.—Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed., 65; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 33/-; Golf. Leamington, 1½ miles. Tennis.

WINDERMERE.—Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E., £2 8/6. Golf, 3/6 daily.

YARMOUTH.—Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 85. Pens., from £3 12/6. W.E., 25/-; Lun., fr. 3/6; Din., fr. 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

HOTELS—Continued

UNLICENSED

BLACKPOOL.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage 45 cars.

BRIGHTON.—Glencoe Private Hotel, 112, Marine Parade. Facing sea. Telephone 434711.

BRIGG, Lincolnshire. — Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3 10/-. Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week. Fishing.

BRISTOL.—Cambridge House Hotel, Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop., L. V. Palmer.

BUDE, N. Cornwall.—The Balconies Private Hotel, Downs view.—Pens., from 2 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

BURNTISLAND, Pifeshire.—Kingwood Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec. 2. Pens., from £3 10/-; W.E., 30/-; Golf, bathing, bowls.

CHELMSFORD, Essex. — Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E. from 27/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yatching, tennis.

CHELTHAM SPA.—Visit the Bays hill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

PYATTS Hotel, Ltd. Pens., £3 13/6; W.E., £1 15/-. Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/-. Golf, polo.

DAWLISH, S. Devon.—Sea View Hotel, ex. Cuisine, every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendall, prop.

EASTBOURNE.—Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square.—Bed., 15. Pens. from 3 gns.; W.E., from 10/6 per day. Golf, tennis. Winter Garden.

EDINBURGH.—St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place.—Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing and tennis in neighbourhood.

FALMOUTH, S. Cornwall. — Boscawen Private Hotel, Centre Sea Front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated Handbook gratis from Res. Proprs. 'Phone: 141.

MADEIRA PRIVATE Hotel, Cliff Road Bed., 68; Rec., 5. Pens., from 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon. 25/-; Tennis, golf.

FELIXSTOWE, SUFFOLK.—Bracondale Private Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- to 30/-; Golf, tennis, bowls, putting.

FERNDOWN, Dorset.—The Links, Wimborne Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns.; W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day; (5/- Aug., Sept.).

FOLKESTONE.—Devonshire House Hotel. Est. 34 years. E. light. Central heat. No extras. Tel. 3341.

THE ORANGE HOUSE PRIVATE Hotel, 8, Castle Hill Avenue. Bed., 13; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., from 25/-; Golf, bowls, tennis, skating, croquet.

GOSHTLAND, Yorkshire.—Whitfield Private Hotel. Bed., 15. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lunch, 2/6 and 3/6; Dinner, 4/-; Golf, 1 mile. Hunting, fishing.

GODALMING.—Farncombe Manor Hotel, Farncombe. Pens., 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, tennis.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Whitwell Hatch —a Country House Hotel. H. & C. Gas fires in bedrooms. 'Phone 596.

HASTINGS.—Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 120 rooms. Telephone 761, 762.

HEREFORD.—The Residence Hotel. Broad Street. Bed., 25. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., from 25/-; Salmon fishing, boating, tennis. Large garage and car park.

IFRACOMBE.—Candar Hotel. Sea front. 80 bedrooms. Every modern comfort. Very moderate terms. Write for brochure.

THE OSBORNE PRIVATE Hotel, Wilder Road. Bed., 90; Pens., 2½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/- per day. Golf, Bowls.

DILKUSA.—GRAND Hotel. Sea front. Cent. 110 bed. all with H. & C. Five large lounges. Dancing. Billiards.

IMPERIAL Hotel, Promenade, facing sea. Well known. Lift. Ballroom. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. Write for Tariff.

INVERNESS.—ARDLARICH PRIVATE HOTEL, CULDUTHEL ROAD. Tel. 693. Every comfort. Under personal supervision of the Proprietress, Mrs. J. Macdonald.

LEAMINGTON SPA.—Alkerton Private Hotel, Binswood Avenue. Bed., 18; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Garden. Golf half mile away. Tennis, bowls, croquet.

SPA Hotel, Bed., 33; Rec. 6. Pens., 3½ to 4½ gns.; W.E., 12/6 to 13/6 per day. Golf, tennis, billiards.

LEICESTER.—Grantham, 57 & 60, Highfield Street. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., 26/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-; Golf, tennis.

LINCOLN.—Grand Hotel, St. Mary Street. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/-; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-; Golf.

LOCHSHEL, ARGYLL.—Ardhealach Hotel, Acharacle. Bed., 8; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., £1 10/-; Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/-; G. Golf, fishing, bathing.

LONDON.—Alexandra Hotel (a quiet hotel), 21, 22 and 23, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1. Bed., 45; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

ARLINGTON HOUSE Hotel, 1-3, Lexham Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed., 35. Pens., from 2½ to 5 gns.

ARTILLERY MANSIONS Hotel, Westminster, S.W.1. 'Phone: Vic. 0867 and 2003. Bed., 200; Rec., 2. S., 15s. D., 27s. Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

BONNINGTON Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1. near British Museum, 250 Rooms. Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8s. 6d.

CORA Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom. 230 Guests: Room, bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8/6.

KENSINGTON PALACE MANSIONS Hotel, De Vere Gardens, W.8. Bed., 270; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- per day. Social Club. Squash rackets.

LADBROKE Hotel, Ladbroke Gardens, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Bed., 60; Rec., 8. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis.

LIDLINGTON Hotel, 7 Lidlington Place, N.W.1. T.: Mus. 8126. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/-; Tea, 1/-; Dinner, 2/6. Garden.

MANOR Hotel, 32, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Bed., 75; Rec., 7. Pens., from 3½ gns. single; from 5 gns. double. Garden. Billiards.

NORFOLK RESIDENTIAL Hotel, 20/2, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2. Bays. 3801-2. J. Ralph, prop.

OLD CEDARS Hotel, Sydenham, S.E.26. Bed., 30; Rec., 2; Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E., from 30/-; G. Golf, within 10 mins. Billiards, Ballroom, Tennis Courts.

PALACE GATE Hotel, Palace Gate, Kensington, W.8. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns.; W.E., 30/-.

RAYMOND'S PRIVATE Hotel, 4, Pembroke Villas, Bayswater, W.11. Bed., 20; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2 gns. to £2 12/6.

STANLEY HOUSE Hotel, Stanley Crescent, Kensington, Park Road, W.11. 'Phone: Park 1163. Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., fr. 2½ gns., 4 gns. double. Tennis.

SOMERS PAYING GUEST HOUSE, 55, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10; Rec., 1. Pens., fr. 3 gns. Tennis.

STRATHALLAN Hotel, 38, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30. Pens., from 3½ gns. single, 5 gns. double. Billiards.

WEST CENTRAL Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1. T.: Mus. 1400. Bed., 155; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

WOODHALL Hotel, College Road, Dulwich, S.E.21. Bed., 14; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, 2/6 per round. Garden, tennis, bridge, croquet.

LYNTON, N. Devon.—Waterloo House Private Hotel, Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 2 gns. to £2 10/-; Golf, 2 miles. Putting green, bowls, tennis. Centrally situated.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon.—Hillside Private Cottage Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 2. Pens., 2 to 3 gns.; W.E., 25/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, riding, tennis, drag hounds.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Regent Hotel, 55-59, Osborne Road, T., Jesmond 906. Bed., 36; Rec., 3. Single firm. 7/6. Garden.

THE OSBORNE Hotel, Jesmond Road, Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., £2 12/6; W.E., £1 7/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, cricket, billiards.

OXFORD.—Castle Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., £1 17/6. Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/-.

PHILLACK, Hayle, Cornwall.—Riviera Hotel. Near sea, golf, H. & C. water in all rooms. Recommended A.A.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks.—Riviera Private Hotel, St. Nicholas Cliff. Bed., 37; Rec., 5. Pens., from £3 17/6; W.E., Sat. to Mon., from £1. Golf, tennis.

SHAFTESBURY, Dorset.—Coombe House Hotel.—Pens., 4 to 7 gns.; W.E., 42/- to 57/-; Golf, Private 9-hole 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards, hunting.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W.—Cromdale Hotel, Keats Green. Bed., 14; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns. to 6 gns.; W.E., 12/- to 15/- per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS.—Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade. Bed., 80; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day.

STROUD, Glos.—Prospect Hotel, Bulls Cross. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3 to 3½ gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden. Golf, riding.

TENBY, Pem.—Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ to 5½ gns.; W.E., 30/- to 55/-; Tennis, golf, fishing, bathing.

TORQUAY.—Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road.—Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 30/-; Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

GLEN DEVON Hotel, St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis, golf.

NETHWAY PRIVATE Hotel, Falkland Road. Bed., 23; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E., from 9/- day. Golf, tennis, fishing.

UIG, Isle of Skye.—Uig Hotel. Bed., 13; Rec., 3. Lun., hot, 3/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, Hotel grounds, fishing, good boating.

ART GALLERIES

NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB, 50th anniversary Exhibition, 10-5, Saturdays included, 1s. Suffolk St. Galleries, 64, Suffolk St., Pall Mall East.

MISCELLANEOUS

MEMBERSHIP of the INCOME TAX SERVICE BUREAU brings relief.—Address, Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

Ulster and the Election

Loyalty the Only Issue

By G. Delap Stevenson

ULSTER is electing thirteen members to the Imperial Parliament at Westminster, but her candidates are not concerned with the questions which are agitating the rest of the United Kingdom.

They are a little group apart, fighting the election on lines of their own.

Abyssinia, defence and social reform are the issues in England, Scotland and Wales, but they are not matters for serious argument in Northern Ireland.

In Ulster they are busy with a pre-war quarrel. Forces are joined in the deep old struggle between Irish Nationalist and Irish Loyalist.

The people are interested in a racial, not a class war.

The minority of malcontents look to an Irish, not a Soviet republic, though it is also true that Irish republicanism has recently been flirting with communist ideas.

As for world peace, the thought of it is overshadowed by the fear of civil disturbance either within or across the border.

It is only this summer that armed men were patrolling Belfast. It is only a few short days ago that Ulstermen buried the great Carson, the man who armed them, and saved them from the rebellious South.

All that Ulster is concerned with in this election is to reaffirm her loyalty to the King and her defiance of Mr. de Valera.

The solid mass of the people are, of course, ardently Unionist. Out of the thirteen members in the last Parliament eleven were Unionist, of whom eight had been returned unopposed.

On the other side there were two Independents with Nationalist sympathies.

In the present election five seats are being contested by Republicans, or semi-Republicans, but only two of these are expected to have any chance.

The Republicans are more extreme than Mr. de Valera's followers and their activities in the Free State give him a good deal of trouble.

In fact, the Republican candidate in Belfast is at present in jail in Dublin for having tried to go too far and fast for the Free State Government.

This, however, does not matter in the least to his supporters, for the Republicans have announced that if they are elected they will not take their places at Westminster.

The two Republicans who are thought to have a good chance of success are standing for Fermanagh and Tyrone, the two-member constituency which formerly produced

the Independent Nationalist members.

They are not full blooded Republicans, however, being compromise candidates also approved by the Nationalists.

The Nationalists are roughly in accord with Mr. de Valera's Government.

One of the curiosities of this election has been the rumour that Mr. de Valera himself would stand, though he would not go to Westminster if elected. In 1933 he successfully contested a seat for the Ulster Parliament, though he has never attempted to come to Belfast.

Ulster is unique in the United Kingdom in not having a single official Labour candidate, not even in Belfast, that big industrial port where, if anywhere, one might expect social questions to be more important than race and religion.

For Belfast, however, as for all Ulster, loyalty is the one great and simple issue.

Empire Air Mails by Flying Boat

From an Australian Correspondent

SIR ERIC GEDDES, in his presidential speech at the annual meeting of Imperial Airways, clarified the policy of his company and of the Government which supports it in a manner which will prove of great interest to Australia.

His references to the company's plans for experimental commercial flights across the Atlantic were perhaps the most spectacular features of the speech.

For immediate and practical purposes, as far as the Empire is concerned, his definition of the policy of the company on the routes to South Africa, India and Australia was the most important.

An air mail service across the Atlantic may be desirable, but the time it will save as compared with acceleration of the mails to the Antipodes is relatively small.

There are fast mail steamers on the trans-Atlantic run; there is no blue riband of the Indian Ocean, and the ships which trade to Australia are on schedules no faster than they were thirty years ago.

Sir Eric Geddes, in announcing that twenty-nine large and fast flying boats, providing sleeping accommodation, were on order or under construction, shows the extent to which the company has plumped for marine aircraft.

His revelation that the next step in operating methods would be the abandonment of the zone system, with separate fleets responsible for the various sections, in favour of "through" flights with aircraft based upon Britain, represents a radical change in policy.

On the Australian route, Imperial Airways are responsible only as far as Singapore. It rests with Australia to decide whether the journey from there to Darwin, Brisbane and the southern capitals is made by flying-boat or landplane.

Sir Eric's speech may have a persuasive effect upon the Australian Government in making its decision in this respect.

Plans for the operation of the Sassoon scheme of fast air mails at a flat rate of postage to all parts of the Empire cannot be completed until Australia chooses between the two forms of aircraft.

Fear of depriving inhabitants of the outback—who have few enough amenities—of some of the benefits of commercial aviation is at the root of Australia's hesitancy to agree with Britain that the service should be operated all the way to Sydney by flying-boats.

The expectation in London is that Australia will now agree. A compromise may have to be found for the continued operation, in some form, of the internal service between Brisbane and Darwin.

If Australian agreement is forthcoming, the flying-boats will probably have to cross a stretch of about 300 miles of land without facilities for descents on water between the base of the Gulf of Carpentaria and the east coast of Queensland.

Benefits to the settled coastal districts may be held to outweigh the removal of the main trunk service to England from the sparsely-populated interior.

A specialist who has been investigating the radio requirements of the new service on behalf of the Australian Government is now on the way home from London to make his report. It will deal with the facilities necessary for whichever route and method of operation the Government should prefer.

East Africa Union Problem

WHATEVER happens in the forthcoming General Election, many parts of the British Empire are hoping against hope that Mr. Malcolm MacDonald will not again become Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Among them, the most dissatisfied with his work up to date is East Africa, where public opinion maintains that he made a hopeless mess of the important question of closer union between Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika Territory.

He has declared definitely that at the moment there is no justification for closer union, but the reasons he puts forward for this decision are, to say the least, unconvincing.

Firstly, he declares that union would add greatly to overhead

expenses; then, that various communities are opposed to it; and lastly, that the present state of economic development, particularly in regard to the inadequacy of communications, does not warrant union.

All of which arguments have left East Africa in a state of some suspense and much dissatisfaction.

The whole question is, admittedly, a delicate one, but most of the Europeans are of the opinion that the best interests of each dependency might be secured by union, yet none given a domination.

The argument of inadequacy of communications certainly does not hold water, for when the Joint Committee sat to consider the question of union, the normal time of transit from England to East Africa was three weeks. To-day it is five days, and in little more than a year will be two-and-a-half days.

Other important transport developments have apparently been ignored.

It is strenuously denied that union would mean higher administration costs; like us over here, East Africa is of the opinion that redundant officials should go—a point which the Secretary of State for the Colonies has conveniently ignored.

The whole question is bound to be re-opened before long, and East Africa is hoping that Mr. Malcolm MacDonald will not be the adjudicator.

New Zealand's Growing Optimism

By "Pakeha"

NEW ZEALAND is enjoying an all-round trade and commercial improvement. The sound policy of the Coalition Government brought about economic equilibrium over twelve months ago, and the Dominion is now in a position to take full advantage of the gratifying rise in the prices for her exports.

The disparity between costs and prices has been bridged not by borrowing and financial trickery, but by the simple formula of cutting one's coat according to one's cloth.

New Zealand's public debt at the present time is actually £1,360,000 less than it was at the end of 1931, when the depression began to hit the Dominion with unprecedented severity.

At that time the Socialist opposition urged the Government to borrow £25,000,000, and so bring about a gambler's prosperity, but the policy of "borrow, boom, and bust" did not appeal to the sane Coalition Cabinet which was guiding New Zealand's destinies.

They preferred a policy of readjustment and reconstruction.

The internal debts were voluntarily converted at a lower rate of interest, and when loans fell due in London they were renewed at the lower rates of interest ruling on the market.

New Zealand is proud of the fact that the British investors have the

fullest confidence in her loans, and she means to keep that confidence.

An illustration of the growing optimism in the Dominions is the increase of £7,600,000 in the imports for the year ended June 30 last, over the previous year.

During the last three or four years importers have been holding back owing to the uncertainty of prices, but they are now making their purchases confidently.

Factory production in New Zealand has increased by 12 per cent. over the previous year, and the number of employees in factories has increased correspondingly.

Business turnover is estimated to have increased by 17.5 per cent., railway revenue is up by 6.4 per cent., the increase in the post office revenue is 4.5 per cent., and the number of motor vehicles licensed has jumped by 6.2 per cent.

The progressive improvement which has taken place is also reflected in the banking figures, which indicate that greater use is being made by commerce and industry of the money that had hitherto been on fixed deposit.

The general welfare of the people shows more directly in the savings bank figures. During the three financial years ended March 31, 1933, withdrawals from the savings banks exceeded deposits by no less than £12,000,000.

In the two years and a quarter to June 30 last, deposits exceeded withdrawals by £5,698,000, a significant indication that conditions are on the mend.

In the sphere of public finance, not only has Budget stability been restored, but New Zealand has come through the depression without any legacy of floating debt. The last financial year ended with a surplus of £1,626,498, and for the current financial year another surplus has been forecast by the Minister of Finance (Mr. J. G. Coates).

The financial record of the Dominion through the depression compares favourably with that of any other country. Her future is assured if she is given reasonable security for her products on the United Kingdom market.

S. Rhodesia News

British Engineering Triumph

THE third largest single span bridge in the world is quietly being completed in one of the most romantic corners of the Empire.

Hundreds of miles from any town, it crosses the historic Sabi River in Southern Rhodesia where hundreds of years ago treasure bearers from the Indian Ocean forded their way to the mysterious citadel of Zimbabwe, immortalised by Rider Haggard.

Its construction is a triumph of British genius and engineering skill. All the steel girders for the preliminary framework and the great cranes and derricks were specially constructed, so that after their work was

done they could be built into the bridge itself.

Even part of the Sydney Bridge in Australia has been consumed by its Southern Rhodesian counterpart, for the identical wire cables which played their part in building Australia's Bridge have been utilised.

The bridge is to be called the Birchenough Bridge after Sir Henry Birchenough, Chairman of the Beit Trust which is responsible for the cost.

The Bridge, which will be officially opened on December 20th, will have a span of 1,080 feet and its great arch will tower three hundred feet high.

A Scented City

SALISBURY, the capital of Southern Rhodesia, claims a new title—"The City of Beautiful Trees." Each street and avenue is flanked with its own particular variety of tree.

Just now the Jacarandas are in full bloom and a certain Montague Avenue is the centre of attraction. With its long lines of trees whose spreading branches and feathery leaves are almost hidden beneath a mass of blue hyacinth-like flowers and with the fallen blossoms spreading a fragrant blue carpet on the pavements it is certainly as lovely as any park.

Other avenues are ablaze with the flowers of the flame tree or the great white and pink blossoms of the bauhinia, while here and there a street or avenue is just a long and lofty green tunnel made by rich green overhanging branches.

No wonder the breeze in Salisbury is heavy with the scent of flowers. And Salisbury is not the only place so blessed in the Colony. When Bulawayo becomes a city it will compete for the capital's title, for her streets and avenues are rapidly becoming vistas of soft shade and brilliant bloom.

"The Pathway of Blood"

MR. G. M. HUGGINS, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia and Minister of Native Affairs, recently visiting the Empandeni Mission in Matabeleland, was introduced to a surviving brother of "The Pathway of Blood," who had found a home at this Mission with several of his descendants.

"The Pathway of Blood," which is another name for Mziligazi, was father of the famous King Lobengula with whom Cecil Rhodes treated for the mineral rights of the country.

Mziligazi and his Matabele warriors—an off-shoot of the Zulus—were driven in 1897 across the Limpopo River by the Boers.

This was in what is now the western province of Southern Rhodesia, and it was Mziligazi, "The Pathway of Blood," who made a treaty of "peace and amity" with Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the Governor of the Cape, who gave his name to the port of Durban seven years before Natal was proclaimed a British possession.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

The Beginnings of Social Reform in India.

By Professor A. P. Newton.

IT was the fashion of earlier generations of historians to describe the rise of British power in India as almost entirely an affair of battles and wars.

In reality, of course, after the period of the rise to paramouncy, that began with Clive in the eighteenth century, the English brought peace to India and not war.

Armed conflicts had been incessant from end to end of the Peninsula for centuries, and it was the resulting anarchy that barred all progress and made the lot of the masses of the Indian peoples an unenviable one of misery, famine and uncertainty.

But when once the British power was firmly established in any province as the result of a few short, sharp campaigns, the whole region was rapidly pacified and the task of the soldiers became one of defence from external menace and of police for the preservation of internal order.

The details of the way in which this beneficent task of pacification was carried out have mostly been forgotten, for they fill but a small space in the usual histories of India, and so the magnitude and importance of the work that was done have been overlooked.

When the English, under the Governor-Generalships of Marquis Wellesley and Lord Hastings in the first two decades of the nineteenth century determined to bring the incessant wars of the Marathas and their



Widow-burning ("sati") as practised in India, before being suppressed under the Governor-Generalship of Lord William Bentinck. From an old print.

predatory Princes to an end so as to remove the danger of attacks upon the territories already under British rule, all Central India was a scene of disorder and desolation.

The armies of the Marathas existed only for plunder and destruction. Government had ceased to exist and there remained only oppression and misery.

Two wars had already been fought against the rival Maratha Princes, but it was not until victory had brought the third Maratha War to an end in 1818 that Lord Hastings was able to impose a final settlement that put a stop to organised opposition to British paramouncy.

He had already begun the task of sweeping up the robber bands of the Pindaris, lawless marauders of all castes and classes, originally loosely attached to the Maratha armies who had become a formidable menace to the whole of Central India.

They made rapid raids in all directions from side to side of the country in search of plunder. They inflicted appalling devastation upon the country and committed the most atrocious outrages upon all classes of the inhabitants and left a desert where before there had been fertile and populous lands.

The process of extirpating the evil began in 1817, and Hastings employed great forces of Indian soldiers under British officers first to throw a cordon of defence across India to hold them off from the provinces of Hindustan in the north, and then to sweep in a great drive southwards across Central India until the Pindaris were brought up against a second cordon which protected the southern provinces in the Deccan and prevented the Marathas from assisting the fleeing hordes.

The operations lasted throughout the latter part of 1817, and by the beginning of the following year all the organised bands of the Pindaris had been annihilated.

But the remnants of the robbers scattered into the jungles and took to

banditry or dacoity against undefended villages, and it required twenty years of hard police work to clear up the last traces of this menace to public order and allow the peasants of the Central Provinces to till their lands in peace and security.

By the time of Lord William Bentinck's Governor-Generalship (1828-1835) the work was complete, Central India was firmly policed from end to end, the worst ravages of the period of devastation had been remedied and the land was on the way to prosperity.

Bentinck's main work, however, lay in the direction of social reform and his fame rests particularly on the reform and suppression of one of the most painful of Indian customs.

The practice of widow-sacrifice or *sati*, by which a widow voluntarily burned herself to death on the funeral pyre of her husband, was of very ancient date in India.

It required great courage for Bentinck to declare *sati* to be culpable homicide, for from the earliest days of British territorial rule it had been the settled principle of Government not to interfere with Indian religious practices.

However, this custom was so revolting to morality that at last in 1829 the Governor-General took the plunge, despite the tremendous outcry that arose to oppose him.

Sati was absolutely forbidden and those of the relatives who took part in the widow-burning were subjected to drastic penalties.

In a few years it had been suppressed, though as late as 1905 a voluntary *sati* took place in Northern India and the participants were severely punished.

Other reforms have been undertaken for the amelioration of Indian social conditions in later years, but Hastings' work in the suppression of the Pindaris and Bentinck's against *sati* may fairly be quoted as outstanding examples of the beneficent tasks of British rule.



Buxerries, or native matchlock men.

Britain and Chinese Finance

By Our City Editor

WITH the General Election almost upon us, and with Abyssinia and Sanctions claiming only secondary interest in the day's news, the Chinese position has not aroused as much interest even in the City as would normally have been the case. For some time past it has been evident that China was on the brink of a financial crisis, and the past week or two has witnessed huge sales of Chinese dollars by speculators and frightened holders. Now the Chinese Government has called in all the nation's silver resources and is to rely upon an inconvertible note issue with an exchange fund to maintain the dollar's stability. It remains to be seen whether such methods will triumph in the East as they have done in the West, but the very change in China's policy and the simultaneous appointment of a British Committee to protect the interests of holders of Chinese bonds in this country are not without special significance, as Japan has been quick to note.

Investment Policy

While few members of the investing public feel inclined to take any active interest in markets when an Election is pending, the response to new issues of capital is such as to show that the weight of money awaiting investment is as great as ever. The recent issue by Stewart and Arden, Ltd., was so heavily over-subscribed as to allow the allotment of only $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of applications where over 1,000 shares were applied for. While the "stag" fraternity were doubtless responsible for a portion of this over-subscription, a great deal of it is due to genuine investment and seeking after capital appreciation.

It will be noticed that in many cases, issues are returning to the somewhat dubious example set in 1929 of offering ordinary and preference shares together, with allotments of ordinary dependent upon the taking-up of preference shares. The practice is to be deprecated since either class of share should stand on its merits in an appeal to the public. And this brings us to a general question of investment policy. In the past year or two preference shares have appealed to the investor because a satisfactory return could only be assured by resorting to fixed interest securities, and their capital value was maintained so satisfactorily as to give no cause for anxiety. Now, however, it

would seem definitely advisable for holders of fixed interest stocks to exchange into equities of some description. Naturally, there should be some discrimination, but whereas one feels that ordinary stocks and shares have some chance of capital appreciation, it seems highly probable that gilt-edged will not return to the heights from which they have recently receded and fixed interest stocks will follow gilt-edged. Home Railways have come back to prices which look attractive in spite of wages, coal trouble and other adverse factors and in this section Southern deferred at 19 look as promising as any.

Transport Board Accounts

The L.P.T.B. accounts are necessarily somewhat provisional and uninformative for the first two years of working, inasmuch as undertakings were in course of purchase during that time and the pooling arrangement with the railway companies added various complications. The accounts are supplemented by statistical and pictorial illustration, but the fact remains that the revenue is disclosed only after the pooling arrangement has been taken into account. This shows traffic receipts of £29,016,085 last year, against £27,379,351 for 1933-34, and net income of £5,474,210 against £5,295,515. No balance results to be carried forward from either year's working after the payment of a "C" stock dividend of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for 1933-34 and 4 per cent. for 1934-35. The accounts must be regarded as something of an achievement, having regard to the ramifications of the Board's undertakings and the poor quality of some of the assets which the Board had to take over at a comparatively high price.

Richard Thomas & Co.

The resumption of interim dividends by Richard Thomas and Co., the steel and tinplate manufacturers, coal owners, etc., has put the shares up to nearly 10s., which is considerably higher than when they were last mentioned in this column. The company has become a national undertaking and promises to perform particularly useful service in re-opening the Ebbw Vale Works. The shares are of 6s. 8d. denomination and still compare favourably with Vickers 6s. 8d. shares, for instance, which are priced at 18s. $7\frac{1}{2}$ d., last year's dividend rate being the same as that of R. Thomas and Co.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE
INSURANCE Co., Ltd. Total Assets £50,890,000 Total Income exceeds £10,476,000
LONDON: 61, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2 **EDINBURGH: 64, Princes Street**

Published by the Proprietors, THE CHAWTON PUBLISHING CO., LTD., 18/20, York Buildings, Adelphi (Telephone: Temple Bar 3157, three lines), in the Parish of St. Paul, in the County of London, and Printed by BUCKLEY PRESS, LTD., 9 and 20, St. Andrew Street, London, E.C.4. Saturday, 9th November, 1935.

LADY HOUSTON'S COLD CURE

In the days of Good Queen Victoria, who, wholly to our advantage, ruled us with a rod of iron and made her Ministers shiver in their shoes, there lived a celebrated physician named Dr. Abernethy, famed alike for his skill and his *rudeness*, of whom this story is told:

"Well, what's the matter with you?" said Dr. Abernethy to a new patient entering his consulting room.

"Only a cold," said the patient, timidly.

"Only a cold," said the great man; "what more do you want—the *plague*?"

I tell you this in order to impress upon you how important it is not to neglect a cold, and how you should *immediately* take every means to fight it tooth and nail. A cold is the forerunner of pneumonia, and bronchitis, and very often ends in death.

My cure for a cold is the amalgamated wisdom of many famous Doctors. Here it is:—

Immediately the slightest sign of a cold shows itself, the wisest thing to do is to go straight to bed, with a hot water bottle, wrap your head in a shawl and try and sweat it out—taking the remedies I am going to give you forthwith. But if you cannot go to bed it will, of course, take longer to cure you.

THE CURE

(This is not for lazy people!)

Start with a nasal douche by sniffing up your nostrils and gargling your throat with a teaspoonful of mild disinfectant (such as Listerine) or, what is equally good, a teaspoonful of salt (not Cerebos) dissolved in a tumblerful of hot water. This must be done *immediately*, and always before and after food.

Next take at least 2, perhaps 3, tablespoonsful of Castor Oil (this, of course, you won't like, but it is very necessary). The way to take Castor Oil so that you don't taste it is to cut an orange in two, then fill a tablespoon with the oil, swallow it quickly and suck the orange, and you won't taste the oil at all.

Take half a small teaspoonful of Langdale's Cinnamon in water three times during the day.

You should take your temperature and, if above normal, take 10 grains of Salicine (buy half a dozen packets of this drug—10 grains in each packet—and take one every two hours, taking not more than 3 doses in all). This, of course, is only for fever.

From the moment the cold starts, drink quantities of very hot water, as hot as you can sip it—about 2 big tumblers full at least every 2 hours.

Orange juice is very good taken for a cold, and also is the juice of a lemon if put into the hot water, or home-made lemonade, made with lemons cut up, with plenty of sugar, put into a jug with boiling water. This can be taken instead of the plain hot water.

Steep a small piece of cotton wool with Byard's Oil and put it up your nostrils and round your gums, several times during the day and night, and after drinking the hot water.

If you have a cough, Gee's Cough Linctus should be taken.

If the cough is very tiresome at night, a teaspoonful of yellow vaseline acts like magic and stops the cough immediately.

If the cold is not better after one day, continue the whole treatment again for another day, but if after two days there is no improvement, *which is most unlikely*, there must be complications and it would be best for you to consult a Doctor.

Lady Houston wishes it understood that this cold cure is only for a cold when it first makes its appearance and *not* for one that has been on for some time and becomes serious, or for bronchitis and pneumonia, but it will be found very useful for curing the cold before it becomes serious.

The Drugs to buy:—Listerine, Castor Oil, Byard's Oil, Langdale's Cinnamon, Gee's Cough Linctus, Yellow Vaseline.

If this remedy cures you, and I hope and believe it will, please report to me, and in payment let your fee be—just saying—God bless Lady Houston.

L.H.

Whose Fault Is This, Mr. Chamberlain?



Mr. Chamberlain

In his Glasgow speech, Mr. Chamberlain evidently wishes to pretend that he and his Government have been vainly struggling against overwhelming odds, to arm the Nation, instead of having—as they have done—worked tooth and nail for disarmament—

FOR FOUR LONG WEARY YEARS



Lady Houston

A few extracts from Mr. Chamberlain's speech—

On Defences

"I am not sure that this trouble . . . would ever have occurred if this country's defence forces had been stronger . . . The Government has come to the conclusion that we must begin to repair our defences . . . We are satisfied that the time has come when we must speed up the pace again."

Mr. Chamberlain then remarks—

"When you are facing such a position as that, it seems to me it is essential that the Government of the country should be clothed with unquestionable authority and should be assured of sufficient stability of tenure to be able to carry out its policy to the end."

To these remarks Lady Houston says—

Whose fault is this, Mr. Chamberlain? In 1932 I pleaded with you: "YOU are the Watchman answerable to God and to your Country for the defence of the Nation. Can you, as Watchman, persist in a measure so fatally dangerous to the safety of your Country?"

On the League of Nations.

Mr. Chamberlain says—

"We are not taking up the cudgels for Abyssinia; this is not merely the fate of Abyssinia; it is a question of the fate of the League itself."

To this Lady Houston says—

What has the League of Nations ever done for England? except to cost many millions of money and to drag us into quarrelling with countries who were good and faithful friends—No, No, NO, Mr. Chamberlain—get out of the League of Nations and mind your own business and the business of your country which you and your colleagues have shamefully neglected.

But Lady Houston replies—

On the contrary, the Government have taken upon themselves TOO MUCH authority without consulting the country in the disgraceful dragging down the Defences of the Realm, permitting the ruin of shipping, agriculture, and mining, and in forcing the White Paper through. These are a few things they have done without a shadow of right or authority from the people of the Nation, and in spite of urgent remonstrances from all who saw the danger and mischief they were bringing on us, it is rank hypocrisy to pretend that the "National" Government did not know that the Country always wished ardently for complete and efficient defences—they were told so again and again by the heads of each department—and now they are trying to push the blame on the people they betrayed and cheated—472 votes for Conservatism in the last election were not given for DISARMAMENT—GIVING AWAY INDIA and all your OTHER TORTS AGAINST YOUR COUNTRY, Mr. Chamberlain.